

MOLINESS TO THE LORD.

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Cliff Edward

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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Designed
for the
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ment
of the
Young

GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR

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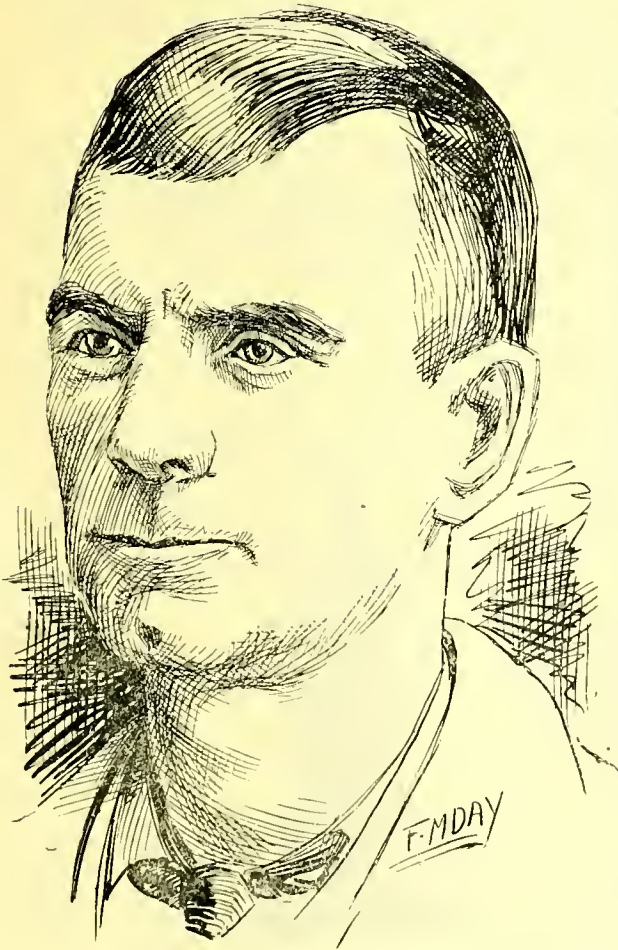
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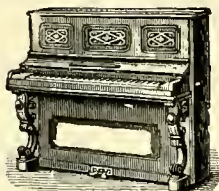
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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VOL. XXXV.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1900.

No. 17.

HISTORY OF THE NATIONS.

WALES.

WALES was Wales before England was born,» is a traditionary legend as firmly believed in by history of that people, preserved and handed down by the ancient Welsh bards and sages, their learning and civilization long antedate



CAVERN ON THE COAST OF WALES.

the Welsh people and as well authenticated, too, as any recognized fact in history. Indeed, if we can give any credence to the

the civilization of Rome itself. Roman writers who accompanied the legions of Rome in her attempted conquest of Britain under

Julius Cæsar, B. C. 55, credit the ancient Britons «with a learning and civilization not inferior to her own.» In the early days of Rome the Kymry were the possessors of all the British Isles, then called Cambria, «not by right of conquest, but as the original inhabitants of the land,» having made their way thither during the centuries intervening from the flood. The first colonists came through Europe from Mount Ararat, in Armenia, stopping at intervals in various countries on the way, peopling the same as they went, and carrying with them the learning and traditions of the fathers. About 500 B. C. the Kymry dominated not only their own white isle, but all of Europe and Rome itself. Belinus and Brennus, the sons of Dyvnwal Moelmud, after their father's death, ruled the islands conjointly, gathered an army of 300,000 men and invaded Europe, establishing their own government of freedom, and security to life and property wherever they went. After conquering the Celts of Gaul, who readily united themselves with the invaders, the Cymro-Celtic army, led by the brothers, crossed the Alps and conquered Italy and Rome, B. C. 490, the invaders exacting of the Romans a ransom of one thousand pounds weight of gold for the restoration of their chief citadel. The classic authors verify the Kymric story of this conquest. «The greater and more warlike Cimbri,» writes Plutarch, «live in the northern ocean, in the very ends of the earth [being the uttermost limit of the then known world]. They are called Cimbri—not from their manners, it is the name of their race. As to their courage, spirit, force and vivacity, we can compare them only to a devouring flame, all that come before them were trodden down or driven onward like herds of cattle.» The Kymry of the west, with the Kymry or Umbri of Italy, formed from this period one federation, with equal rights and laws. It is to be observed, says a critical historian, that the conquests of the Kymry were those

of civilization, not destruction. Wherever they settled they proclaimed liberty and equality of laws, they erected temples, made roads, built cities, and cultivated literature, especially poetry. In speaking of the followers of Brennus, who remained and ruled in Italy, Plutarch says: «His forces injured no man's property; they neither pillaged the fields nor insulted the towns.» Brennus reigned thirty years in northern Italy. From the Cymro-Celtic kingdom, known also as Cisalpine-Gaul, sprung many of the first writers of the Roman empire, Livy, Pliny, Catullus, Virgil, etc.

TRIADS OF THE DRUIDS.

Dyvnwal Moelmud, already referred to, codified the Kymric laws, which are remarkable for their clearness, brevity, justice and humanity, and give evidence of the freedom enjoyed by the people who observed them. Following are a few of the laws, as they have come down in the Triads of the Druids:

There are three tests of civil liberty—equal rights—equality of taxation—freedom to come and go.

There are three causes that ruin a State—inordinate privileges—corruption of justice—national apathy.

There are three things which are private and sacred property in every man, Briton or foreigner: his wife, his children, his domestic chattels.

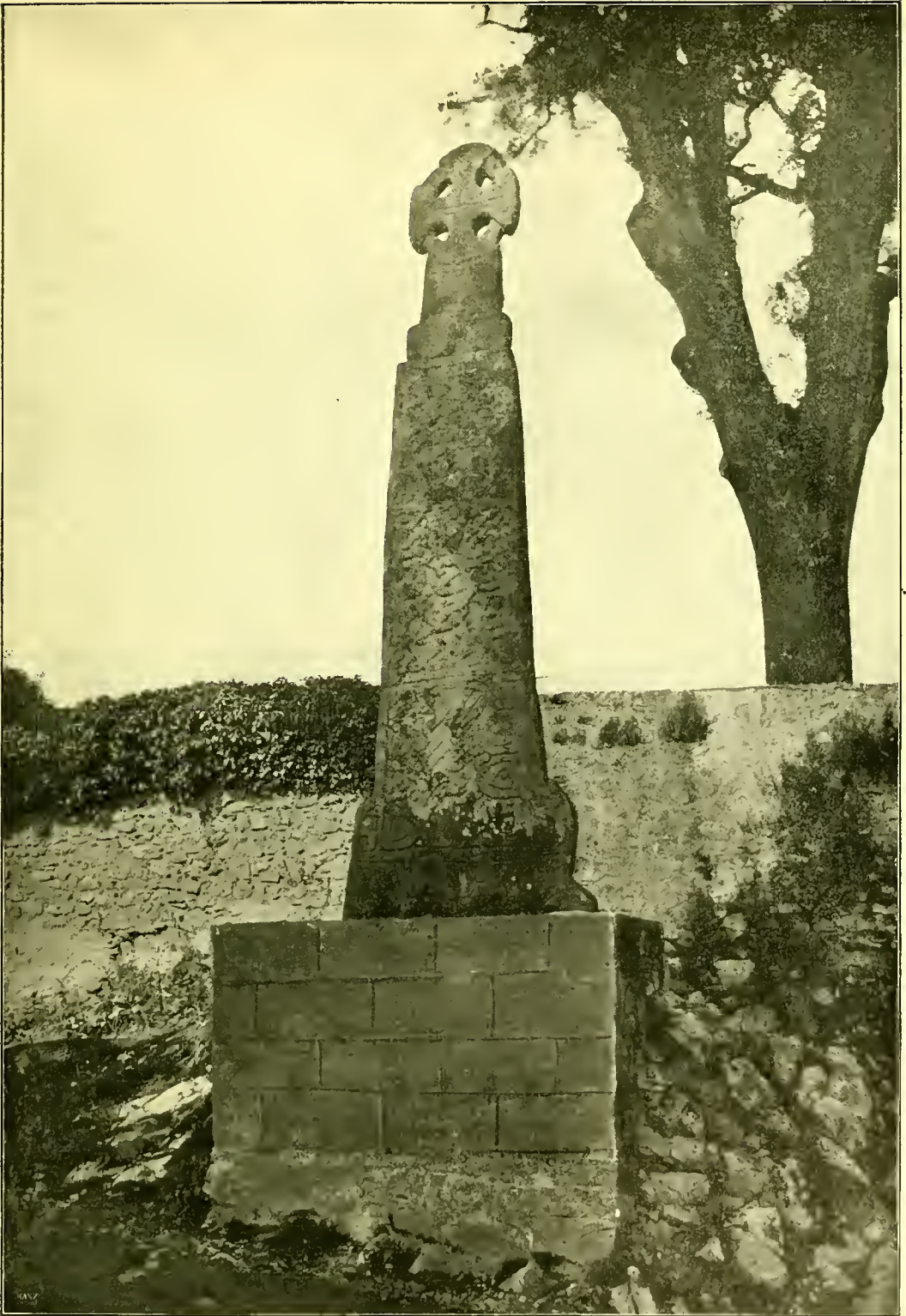
There are three things belonging to a man which no law of man can touch, fine or transfer—his wife, his children, and the instruments of his calling.

There are three civil birthrights of every Briton—the right to go wherever he pleases—the right wherever he is, to protection from his land and sovereign—the right of equal privileges and equal restrictions.

There are three guarantees of society—security for life and limb—security for property—security of the rights of nature.

There are three things which every Briton may legally be compelled to attend—the worship of God—military service—and the courts of law.

There are three thieves who shall not suffer punishment—a woman compelled by her husband



CAREN CROSS, AN OLD DRUIDIC MONUMENT.

—a child—a necessitous person who has gone through three towns and to nine houses in each town without being able to obtain charity though he asked for it.

There are three ends of law—prevention of wrong—punishment for wrong inflicted—insurance of just retribution.

These and other primitive laws of Britain not only arise far superior in manly sense and high principle to the laws of ancient Greece and Rome, but put to shame the enactments of nations calling themselves Christians at the present day. A nation ruling itself by their spirit could not be otherwise than civilized and free.

ORIGIN OF THE WELSH.

The Welsh people, or the Cymry or Kymry of Cambria, as they are known in history, trace their origin from Gomer, the oldest son of Japheth, the son of Noah. His descendants are presumed, as has already been noted, to have migrated southward and westward through Europe and finally possessed themselves of what are now called the British Isles. A branch of the family peopled France and Italy, the latter forming the Kymry or Umbri, from whom are derived the Romans of ancient and the Cisalpine Italians of modern times.

The Kymry, also known in history and in various languages as the Gomerii, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri, Cymry, were thus the first inhabitants or pioneers of Britain and western Europe, which they took possession of and peopled. In the twelfth century B. C. their numbers were greatly augmented by a large migration from Italy. After the celebrated Trojan ten years' war, which ended with the destruction of Troy, B. C. 1184, the Trojans fled to Italy and were joined to their ancestors, the Kymry or Umbri. Brutus, a Trojan prince, the fourth in descent from Priam, the king of Troy, being ambitious to re-establish a Trojan kingdom, but being aware that it could not be done except at the cost of incessant strife, resolved on emi-

grating with all his followers to the northern seat of the main stock of his race, the Cambrian Islands. A navy of 332 vessels was constructed and the migration consummated, and the country was thereafter known as Brutus' Land—Britain. The word «tan» is the old British term for land—Britania, (now pronounced Britannia) is Brut's or Brutus' Land. The amalgamation of these two branches of the Kymric people accounts for the similarity noted between many Latin and Welsh words and names. From this similarity many have supposed that the Welsh language was largely derived from the Latin, whereas, if we can credit history and tradition, both came from the ancient Kymry, the descendants of Gomer.

THE DRUIDIC RELIGION.

As was quite natural the Kymry brought with them and continued their ancient religious rites or Druidic religion, and established their seats of learning which were famous for the wide range of the arts and sciences taught. The Druids taught *viva voce*. No part of their teaching was committed to writing till later years, and the course of study often extended over a period of twenty years. There were thirty-one chief seats of education in Britain, and at times there were sixty thousand students.

The authority and privileges of the Druidic orders were very great. They sat as magistrates, deciding all questions of law and equity, and regulated and presided over the rites and ceremonies of religion. A tenth of the land was set apart for their support. None but a Druid could offer sacrifices. Admission to the higher order of Bard or Druid was had only after a severe educational examination. These examinations were most probably the origin of the Eisteddfod of Welsh national fame. The Druidic religion, changed and corrupted by age, is today known as Buddhism, and is the religion of half of

earth's inhabitants. The progression and retrogression of the soul, and a modified idea of the transmigration of souls, coupled with what is modernly termed the Darwinian theory of the origin of man, were some of the principal tenets of the ancient religion of Britain. Of the doctrine of rewards and punishments, the Druids held that «the things called rewards and punishments are so secured by eternal ordinances that they are not consequences but properties of our acts and habits.» The Druidic religion was pre-eminently patriotic. The spirit it infused into the people contributed no less than the military science displayed by a succession of able and intrepid commanders to render the tardy progress of the Roman arms in Britain a solitary exception to the rapidity of their conquests in the other parts of the world. «Worship the gods, do no man wrong, be valiant for your country,» was a Druidic Triad well known to the Greeks.

The vestments of the Bard, writes an ancient historian, were blue; of the Druids, white; of the Ovate, green. «The canonicals of the Arch-Druid were extremely gorgeous. On his head he wore a tiara of gold, in his girdle the gem of augury, on his breast the *ior morain*, or breast-plate of judgment, below it, the *glan neidr*, or draconic egg, on

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

the forefinger of the right hand the signet ring of the order, on the forefinger of the left, the gem ring of inspiration. Before him were borne *coel-bren*, or volume of mysteries, and the golden crosier with which the mistletoe was gathered. His robe was of white linen, with a broad purple border, the symbolic cross being wrought in gold down the length of the back.»

«When Druidism merged into Christianity,» writes Rev. R. W. Morgan, in his history of the British Kymry, «these, rites, festivals and canonicals became those of the Christian church. Little variation exists between the modern ceremonials of religion, as witnessed in a Roman Catholic cathedral and those of Druidic Britain two thousand years since. This derivation from Druidism,» continues the same writer, «is not more evident than the striking contrast they present to the simple and unadorned ritual of primitive Christianity.»

The vast monumental remains of the Druidic establishment extend throughout Britain. In the south the central temples were those of Amber and Belin (Stonehenge.) In Albryn, Perth and its vicinity, in Cambria and Mona were the chief districts for the obelisk churches and the splendid national ceremonies therein performed.

Joseph Hyrum Parry.



AUNT HELEN'S COURTSHIP.

A TRUE STORY.

AUNT HELEN was always religiously inclined, and the leading soprano singer in the church choir. Being very ambitious, she resolved to learn a trade, and at the age of sixteen, after she had mas-

tered dressmaking, she determined to earn something. She put her little advertisement in the paper and waited patiently for her first customer.

«Well, mother,» she said one morning, «I

am going to Mrs. Bean's today. Her daughter has given me my first order."

Arriving at Mrs. Bean's, she was soon busy at work on Mary's dress.

"Hello! Mary, whom have we here?" said Mary's brother, the irrepressible Tom. "Did you ever see such a jolly big mouth?"

"Hush, Tom; she will hear you!"

"Well, just take a look at her; to tell the truth, I enjoy it. What fine eyes, pleasant face, trim figure! and did you ever see such dainty hands and feet, and even the mouth—yes, it is pretty. Large, you must admit, but firm in earnest conversation, and full of mischievous expression and good humor when she sees the drift of a joke. What is her name?"

"Helen Brooks."

All unconscious of the criticisms heaped upon her, Helen worked away at the dress. She was suddenly aware of the presence of Tom. His sister introduced the two.

Why was it Tom so enjoyed watching the expression of the face before him? He knew she would certainly not be called beautiful, but to him she seemed so; and it is well known to all who know her, that she has yet an attractive face.

This was their first meeting.

About six months later, Helen's Aunt Jane decided to give a party for her nephews and nieces. Helen of course was invited. She had been there only a short time when Aunt Jane came to her and said:

"Helen, I do believe that young fellow walking past is Tom Bean; I have noticed him several times lately. I believe I will invite him in. I have taken a fancy to him—such a nice young fellow."

Helen's mind naturally wandered back to their first meeting. She could see the bright, happy, easy, confident young man, with his black hair slightly curly, large, blue eyes, long black lashes dark, eyebrows, full red lips—

"And a mustache?"

No, Tom had not a mustache; he was yet too young to sport that accessory. At that

time they were both about seventeen; but almost before the picture had fairly shaped itself in her mind, the original stood before her.

To say she more thoroughly enjoyed the party would only be natural. And Tom—Tom was the happiest boy in the room.

The next incident that comes to my mind happened about six months later—"Fair" time—for you know this all happened in England. "Fair" lasts about two weeks, and there are a great many other attractions besides the fair—theatres, concerts, merry-go-rounds, etc.

Tom called to see her one evening, and asked her if she would accept his company during the fair.

He is nice looking, she thought, and nicely behaved. I have never heard anything against him. I don't see any harm in accepting the invitation.

So she answered: "Father and mother are away from home, but I don't think they will have any objections. Yes, I will go with you during the fair."

Was there ever such a fair! such music! And was the sky ever so beautiful for any one as for this happy young couple? Every day had some new attraction which was more attractive, because they enjoyed it together. At the end of the two weeks, Tom, young as he was, had made up his mind that there could be no happiness for him without Helen.

So for about two years this young couple enjoyed the company of each other.

Yet he was so different from other young men of her acquaintance, jolly, good company, and yet he was very much attached to his religion, a subject which they often discussed. One day when they were talking Tom said:

"Don't you believe in baptism by immersion?"

"Why, Tom, I never heard anything about it until I heard you talk on the subject. I have been told you are a Mormon?"

Tom answered her by giving her the

«Articles of Faith.» «Read and study these,» he said.

«But I have heard terrible things about the «Mormons.» I don't think I want anything to do with them.»

Tom felt hurt, and the ever-sensitive Helen knew it.

Some time passed, and Helen did not see Tom. Why didn't he come? Every evening she listened for his whistling on the bridge a short distance from the house. It was always his custom to whistle when he got to the bridge. She would open the door. He would then come, knowing she was at home.

At last the whistle came. But oh, the contradiction of women! Instead of standing in the door as usual, she just opened it a little, just enough to see it was really he, but not enough for him to see her.

«I will not let him think I am so delighted to see him,» she said to herself. But he did not come any farther.

Two weeks later she received this letter:

«Dear Helen:—I have enlisted in the army, will sail for India within a week. I am very sorry I was so hasty, but it is too late now. Dearest Helen, the time will pass quicker for me, if I only have your love and your promise, precious one, to wait for me until my return. I love you, Helen, and regret the step my impulsiveness has caused me to take. I became dissatisfied with my employer and left, intending to sail to America and make my way to Utah where we «Mormons» all desire to go, as the gathering place of God's chosen people. Finding there would not be any ship sailing to America for some time, I thought I would come and see you once more. I came and whistled on the bridge. You did not open the door for me, so I—I see my mistake now—I enlisted. Oh, Helen, my love, if I can only be sure of your love, the years will pass more quickly. I await my answer at Hull. From your loving
Tom.»

«Mother! mother! oh, what shall I do?»

«What is the matter, daughter?»

For answer Helen gave the letter to her mother.

«Why, dearie, I did not know you cared so much for your friend. You are young yet, it will not hurt you to wait and will be a good lesson for you both, you will understand each other and yourselves better. But, my daughter, when you write, write just what you intend to do, and do what you promise. It has always been our family pride that a Brooks owes no one and always keeps his word.»

In the quiet of her own room Helen wrote:

«Dear Tom:—You have enlisted. It may be many years before we meet again, but, Tom, I would not have you a deserter. A soldier's is a noble calling; and when you come to me, come with an honorable release. I love honor, truth, and chastity. I will wait, ever loving and trusting you. May you never betray that trust, is the prayer of
Helen.»

A strange letter, you say! Yes, it was strange, but it was what her mother had advised. It was only making a promise that she would keep, and making conditions she expected him to live up to also.

Let us follow him to India, and see what conditions he is placed in. We pass over the ocean voyage; arriving in camp, we see him nearly five years later with his regiment, settled in a tent. Dressed in a white suit, he looks so handsome and manly, if Helen could have seen him she would hardly have recognized her friend and lover. Seated on a low divan, he is holding his bare arm out to the native.

«What device would my white brother like on his arm? Here are my inks and needles.»

«Work a wreath encircling these two names,» and he gave the native a slip of paper.

Tom watches intently as he sees the design steadily growing on his arm:

Mary Bean,
Helen Brooks,

the names encircled with the fine delicate tracing of a small vine. When finished he covered it with his sleeve, paid the native, and left the tent.

He is taller than when we last saw him.

It is time for review. The bugle sounds. The martial music, ever stirring the soldiers into new life, calls others out. Among the spectators are an English family, consisting of mother and daughter. There is a look of admiration on the daughter's face. Her large, dark eyes are fixed on one of the soldiers.

«Yes; Tom! Our Tom! Mother, is he not beautiful? How tall and erect he is! How graceful! How beautiful his large, blue eyes! And he is looking this way, see!»

«Hush! my daughter, you are enthusiastic in your expressions. Does he give you encouragement for such demonstrations?»

«Alas! no, but, mother, he will! he will!»

When the parade was over and she saw him at liberty she beckoned him to her.

Advancing, he courteously raises his cap.

«Good evening, Miss Beck. How are you, Mrs. Beck? How delightful is this evening breeze! If it were not for the tropical growth of these beautiful trees and flowers, life would not be endurable in this hot country. But the pleasure of seeing you atones for all discomforts of the day.»

The beautiful girl's dark eyes light with pleasure. Her cheeks are covered with blushes; but she simply answers:

«We are delighted to see you.»

«Will you come and take tea with us?» the mother adds.

Accepting the invitation, he goes with them. After tea, in the moonlight, they take a boat ride on the river.

Do you think Tom's affection is being alienated from his promised bride at home? Let us watch him when he goes back to the tent and see. He uncovers his arm, looks at the names again, kisses them, and goes to bed.

A few days later his regiment is called to-

gether and informed that it is ordered back to England. In all these long years, there had not been any fighting. Any change was good, but to be called home was happiness unexpected.

When all was packed and ready to start, he went to call on his friends, the Becks, but found all in darkness. The natives told him they had gone out boat riding the day before, and had not returned, and it was thought they were drowned. His grief was sincere.

The regiment moved out next morning and he never heard any more about the girl that had loved him so dearly. Yet he had never intentionally given her any encouragement other than the gallantry a man ever bestows on a beautiful woman.

Arriving in England, he sent a letter to Helen, advising her of his return—the first one he had written to her since leaving England.

After several pages of description of voyage and travels he said: «I can only come and see you for a short time, unless I can raise money to buy an honorable release from the army.»

Helen gave the letter to her father, saying, «Father, I want to ask a favor of you.»

«A favor, daughter? Did your father ever refuse his daughter a favor?»

«No, father, but this is greater than any I ever asked before!»

«Well, tell me what it is.»

«Father, will you lend Tom the money to buy himself out of the army?»

«There! there! I will think it over and see whether the young scamp is worth buying out or not. Don't you know it is like asking me to raise money to help some one to take my daughter from me? But it is the old, old story, and they are all alike.»

After reading the letter, disliking to refuse his daughter anything, he promised to comply with her wishes on condition that Tom could show a good record book.

When Tom arrived at his father's home

and after all the hand-shakings were over, he managed to get alone with Mary.

Oh, how happy and proud she was of her handsome soldier brother!

«Mary, you know I have not heard from Helen in all these long years. Tell me all you can. Is she alive and well?»

«Yes, but—»

«But what, she is not married?»

«No, she is not married, but—»

«Oh, Mary, you tantalize me so, but what?»

«But she has had the small-pox.»

«Small-pox! That was terrible, but she lived?»

«Yes, she lived, but—»

«But what?»

«She is pitted.»

«Pitted! ha! ha! ha! Is that all? Why, Mary, I would marry her if she had pitts an inch deep.»

«It is not so bad as that, Tom, but you remember what beautiful auburn hair she had, reaching far below her waist. That has all been cut. Her hair is short, her beautiful complexion is gone; you would scarcely know her.»

«All this is nothing to me, Mary. Her hair will grow and be as beautiful as ever. The beautiful disposition, the honest, true worth is her greatest charm. She has been true to me all these years, not knowing what my actions would be while away. God has been good to me. While I was in that far-away land, I tried to preach and expound the principles of the Gospel, but I could not. The Spirit of God is withdrawn from there. They reject our Elders, and it is impossible to make any impression without His Spirit to help us. I prayed to my Heavenly Father and promised Him if He would only open my way to return to England, I would devote my time to preaching the Gospel, and striving to bring souls to see the true light. Mary, if I can only get Helen to see the truth and know it as we do, I shall be content. That is all she needs to make her perfect in my eyes.»

«I hope, Tom, you may be able to do so.»

«I will go and see her tonight, I cannot wait longer.»

Tom hardly knew how he got there, but he soon found himself at the old bridge—the beautiful stream, the neat cottage close by overrun with vines and blossoms. Hardly realizing what he did, he whistled the old call. He did not have to wait for the door to open this time. Without delay it flew open and Helen, dearest Helen, stood in the door. He hastened to the cottage, where he was warmly welcomed by all.

Helen's father had a long talk with him and asked for his army record. This Tom produced. While he was busy studying it, Tom and Helen were talking quietly.

«I expect you will wonder, dearest, why I never wrote. When I received your letter, I made up my mind I would not write or give any one any idea of my actions, and if I did anything during my long silence that was unworthy of you, I would never return. I am well paid now I am here, back at the old home, and with those I love. And—Helen, have you studied the principles of our Gospel, or given them a thought since I left?»

«Yes, Tom, I have; but I do not yet comprehend, or feel perfectly convinced.»

«Have you confidence enough in our principles and our people to marry me?»

She was a little startled and surprised, but answered, «Yes, though I do not think it would be wisdom to join until I feel convinced of the truth of the work.»

He felt satisfied—this would come all right in time.

«Well, Tom,» said Mr. Brooks, «I find this a pretty clear record. I suppose it has taken about all your army pay to live while away. If you are deficient in means I will advance the amount to buy your release. You can pay me when you earn it.»

With many thanks and a happy heart Tom accepted the kind man's offer. In a short time he obtained his release. It was not

long after that before there was a wedding in the village.

There was still another drop to be added to Tom's cup of happiness. In a few months

after they were married, Tom's cherished wish was realized. His wife embraced the Gospel and has ever since been a faithful member. *Koines.*



CAMP LIFE IN SONORA.

From a member of the Brigham Young Academy South American Exploring Expedition.

IN my last article I told of our hospitable welcome and treatment by the good people of Thatcher, Arizona, and our long stay at that place; then of our journey to St. David, where we practically



GATEWAY NEAR THATCHER.

saw the last of our fellow-citizens whose language, manners and patriotism are typified by the Stars and Stripes. While still within the limits of the United States, we were among strangers in all that the term implies.

At noon of the second day after leaving St. David we came to the ruins of a Mexican «hacienda.» From its position on the top of a rounded hill and from its size we saw that it had been no mere collection of ranch buildings. There was room of state and prison cell, fortress and chapel, all deserted and crumbling,

vacant perhaps since the time when this fair province became a part of the United States. These ruins marked our entrance into Spanish America, though we were hardly prepared for the suddenness of the transition. Near us headed the canyon of the Sonoito, and, as we entered it, even the very face of nature seemed to change. Over and about us were graceful oaks with widespreading branches, and desert gray gave place to rich grass green. At an icy spring we drank for the mere sake of drinking good water, and all afternoon, as the Sonoito sparkled and sang beside us, we seem to be filled with a new spirit of contentment. The canyon widened and was filled from wall to wall with beautiful little farms, but neither master nor peon could answer our English salutations or questions. Once we saw some women washing their clothes in an irrigating ditch, rubbing and pounding them upon the rocks as though wash-boards had never been invented, and about them played a dozen pretty children as destitute of clothing as the day when they were born.

For a day we followed the river westward and then we turned abruptly to the south to cross the divide that lay between us and Nogales. We hated to leave the little stream, but we found that we were still in the land of oaks and, better yet, we were getting into a game country. Large wild pigeons, Mas-seva partridges and two kinds of doves were

added to the daily bill of fare, and there were deer signs that raised the hopes of the hunters.

We arrived in Nogales at 9 o'clock on the morning of July 14th, and an hour later President Cluff put in an appearance—close connection at the end of a three hundred mile ride. It being Saturday and withal a public holiday in Mexico, it was impossible for us to get through the custom house. So the day was devoted to sight-seeing in this little town of narrow streets and queer customs, and early in the afternoon we went back to the camp of the previous night and there we remained until Monday morning.

The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft agley.

That was what we learned out at the custom house on Monday noon, for after the official inspection was over we found that owing to a misunderstanding in regard to the nature of our bond we could not pass through Mexico until certain business matters were arranged. We were, however, permitted to camp in Sonora and a guard was sent to conduct us to our tarrying spot. Senor Mascarenus, the Mexican consul at Nogales, kindly tendered us the use of his beautiful ranch for pasturage and water and in its vicinity we have been ever since.

President Cluff returned to the colonies July 17th, and as soon as we receive word from him we shall move on to Oaxaca. During our camp life, which has been mostly one of study, but one event has marred our pleasure and that was the summoning home of Elder Gordon S. Beckstead, of Gale, by several telegrams announcing the serious illness of his wife. His departure was a time of sorrow for us and no one will be more missed than he. The day after his departure was observed as a fast day for his wife by our entire company.

In order that our horses might have plenty of feed, several moves of camp have been necessary. The guard proposition seems to

be only a farce and we go and come as we please. While all of our camps have been delightful in some respects, the one to which we moved last Monday is ideal. Our last camp had two great disadvantages. In the first place it was located in the bottom of a wash from which any thunder shower might dislodge us and send our effects swimming down the stream; and in the second place, it was in the midst of an oak grove and in the season of acorns. Now, acorns bring \$4.00 (Mex.) per hundred, and a grove where acorns are abundant is the place where Mexicans of the lower class do congregate. At first we had one or two visitors who would pick from dawn until dark, and curl up at night under the trees where they worked by day. By and by whole families came out to reap the acorn harvest and women were scattered around as promiscuously as the men. They did not interfere with us in any way, but they were constantly in need of food of some kind and we decided that we had better «vamos» and leave them in possession of the forest that was theirs by birthright. So we left camp Bueno Vista and moved five miles southwest to a beautiful little canyon at the head of Santa Cruz river. The scenery is much more attractive than at any of our former camps and the grounds about the tents have been cleared of sticks and rubbish; cactus, oose and agave have been transplanted into little beds, while the shade of walnut, sycamore, ash, black willow and oak make us imagine that we are in a veritable park.

It took the greater part of the day to put the camp in shape. Meanwhile the squirrels and pigeons that were about us had to look out for their lives. Our supply of groceries was about exhausted and the finding of flesh and fowl seemed providential. In the afternoon two of the wranglers went a couple of miles up the canyon to see about the horses, and on their return reported that they had seen two brown bears and had wounded one. There were plenty of volunteers for a hunting party the next day, and six of our number

were selected to go out to secure fresh meat—bear, venison or anything that came to hand. Notice was given that at 4 o'clock of Tuesday afternoon a grand pigeon pot-pie would be served at a company dinner, instead of having dinner by messes, and the hunters were urged to return to camp in time to participate in the feast. Early to bed and early to rise was the last order of the day. But to bed did not mean to sleep, for the glow of the camp fires cast queer pictures in the branches and in the soft patter of the rain upon our canvas roofs was the music of long ago:

After breakfast and prayer on Tuesday morning the hunters started in one direction and those who were to go to town for the mail in another. The remainder had plenty of work in botany and zoology, as almost all of the birds and plants were new to us. About 11 o'clock Brother Van Buren brought some birds to me for classification. He asked if I knew anything about bee trees, for he thought he had found one. Now, as a camp, our knowledge of bee trees was, up to this time, decidedly rudimentary—the kind of knowledge that might be derived from reading the delightful essays of Thoreau, Burroughs and Muir. But we were all willing to learn, so we marched, or ran, for half a mile down the canyon, carrying pails, axes, smudges, mosquito netting and anything else that sudden fancy seemed to dictate. The tree in question was a small oak with a knot hole about five feet from its base, through which bees were constantly passing in each direction. These bees were unusually tame and permitted us to crowd close around the tree, even to put our hands over the hole. Many doubts were expressed as to the finding of honey, but Van Buren's faith never wavered. He put a mosquito hemlet on his head, gloves on his hands, took an axe and prepared to chop into the tree about eighteen inches below the hole. The first blow caused the rest of us to retire to a safer distance; but a little smoke from old leaves quieted the bees that

were at no time very angry. Half a dozen strokes caused a great change in sentiment. A thin stream of honey and a swarm of bees followed the ax as it was drawn back. The intervening section was flared off and a mass of dripping comb was disclosed. The honey was of rich amber color and much more fragrant than any we had ever smelled before. We ate of the comb honey more than was wise, though we experienced no ill effects from our over-indulgence. Then we laid open the cavity to the ground and took out about sixty pounds of comb from which we obtained between three and four gallons of clear, strained honey. The matter of the honey occupied our attention for several hours, until time for the pot-pie, which was duly enjoyed by all present. None of the hunters had yet returned, but about 6 o'clock Brother William Cluff came into camp bringing a bear cub and a deer that dressed about sixty pounds. He had shot the cub and Brother Tolton, who arrived a few moments later, secured the deer. It appears that the old bear and two cubs were found early in the morning, but most of the boys were too excited to do good shooting. All three were wounded but only one was secured. Four boys decided to remain out all night to try the early morning shooting and to get the old bear and other cub—if possible. The next day four more joined the hunt, but on their return they produced nothing larger than pigeons for the commissary department.

The flora and fauna of this region are entirely new to all of us. With the commencement of the rainy season, the whole country puts on a dress of flowers, and these, while not fragrant, are very gaily colored. The birds are much more rich and gaudy in plumage than are those of Utah, but there are very few songsters among them. Mosses and ferns in the shaded canyons grow much more luxuriantly than at home and gigantic creepers covering many trees to the very tops are found everywhere.

Our present camp is the first we have had

since leaving Thatcher that has been free from tarantulas, centipedes and scorpions. It is a great relief not to be obliged to look through every bit of bedding and under the pillow before retiring.

All in all, life in camp shows much more of sunshine than of shadow. Work and study are mingled with sport and pleasure. Each day

brings with it some new experience, and some new scene is impressed indelibly upon the mind. Still, there is a longing to be once more in motion and nightly we scan the sky for the first glimpse of the southern cross.

W. M. W.

SANTA CRUZ CANYON, SONORA, MEXICO,
August 1, 1900.



THE ROBINS' NEST.

ONE lovely spring morning two beautiful golden-brown robins, with bright red breasts, sat perched on a low limb of a locust tree, chattering and chirruping away, as though holding serious consultation about something.

Bettie and Tom and I stood watching them in almost breathless silence, lest we should frighten them away, but finally I whispered: «I wish they would build their nest in one of our trees,» at which faint sound the birds flew away high into the old cottonwood. Then Tom scolded me for having frightened them, and of course I cried as any tender little girl would do, upon receiving a scolding from her «big brother.» But Bettie, who was always ready with kind words or sympathy, patted me lovingly and said: «Never mind, Jessie; maybe they will build their nest in one of our trees. See, they are up in the big cottonwood, right at the corner of the house, now.»

And sure enough they did begin to build their nest right in that very tree; so I forgave Tom his harsh words and he forgot my offense, and we all watched anxiously the bird building process.

It seemed a long time to us, but really it was only a few days until the nest was completed, and then Tom climbed the tree and

found one tiny egg therein. He did not touch it, however, but returned to tell us girls all about its size and shape and color, and we all clapped our hands for joy.

The days came and went, and at least as many visits were paid by Tom to the «Robin house;» and each visit was succeeded by a detailed account of all that was seen by the visitor, when finally—oh joy!—four tiny little robins were announced.

How Bettie and I did want to see them! But that was quite impossible, for any dignified young miss would not climb to the top of a cottonwood tree, even if she could; so we had to content ourselves with Tom's description of the big open mouths and the tiny featherless bodies.

Then we all went in search of worms, and each day a handful was carried up to the baby robins.

How Tom would laugh to see the hungry little things swallow the great long angle-worms!

At first Mr. and Mrs. Robin were seriously alarmed at these daily visits, and would fly about uttering shrill cries of alarm. But when they found that no harm was intended, they chirruped sweet songs of welcome instead.

One day when Mama and Papa Robin were

out in search of food the little ones began to think they would like to go, too, so they hopped out of the nest onto a limb, and one chirruped, in bird language, «I am going to try and fly.» But his wise little brother said: «You had better wait until Papa comes to teach you how.» «Oh, I can fly without Papa, just see;» lifting his tiny wings just as he had seen his parents do. But alas! they were yet too weak to bear him up, and so he fell down, down to the cold hard ground.

He was not hurt much, however, and he began to pick himself up and look around to see what next to do; when lo! right there before him sat the old grey cat, just ready to pounce upon him.

He tried to hop away, but «old Billy» gave a bound and would have had him in an instant, had not Tom happened along just in time to frighten the cat away and rescue the bird. The little creature cuddled down in Tom's warm hand, and looked up as gratefully as birds can.

«Let's put it in a cage,» I cried, clapping my hands. But tender-hearted Bettie said, «No! Take it back to its nest, Tom. See, the Mama and Papa are flying around and calling it now!»

So Tom returned the birdie to its home,

and then came down the tree saying: «Just see how happy they all are. I wouldn't have kept it for anything.»

And so the robin family lived on happily until the chilly winds of winter bade them seek a warmer clime.

We all felt sad when they had gone, and wondered what children's hearts would next be gladdened by their songs.

The nest remained as they had left it, and when spring returned again, two golden robins came and hatched their brood in that same nest, and Mama said that perhaps the very bird that Tom had rescued from the cat had brought his mate to inhabit the old home, and make our children hearts rejoice again. We hoped so truly, and when the two succeeding springs brought robins still to fill the same old tree and nest with song and life, we all felt sure that those four broods of robins had been led by an instinct of safety to make that tree their home, and while they themselves were content and happy, we, too, had been made happy by the sweetness of their songs.

How good of God to send these lovely feathered songsters to fill the trees with life, and gladden hearts that sometimes would be sad but for their cheering song!

Jessie Jay.



SHORT STORIES.

From the Classes in English, Brigham Young Academy, Provo.

OUR OLD TOM.



OLD TOM was the name of a large yellow cat. He came to our house when I was about six years old. He was a kitten then, but he soon grew to be so large that he could stand on the floor with his hind feet, place his front paws on the table and

steal anything he wished therefrom. It was this piece of bad manners that led mother to drive him away, and compel him to earn his own living. He soon became a thief and an outlaw, often entering a neighbor's chicken coop and sucking the eggs. Indeed, egg sucking soon became mere child-play for him.

It was not long before he resorted to stealing young chickens for daily food and occasionally a young turkey for Sunday. The neighbors became angry and began setting their dogs on him, but he merely laughed at them, for he could whip any cur in town. Finally a woman offered a reward for his head. At this the boys all clubbed together and tried to kill him with rocks but they could not hit him. However, he was finally shot while in the act of devouring a young turkey.

Calvin Fletcher.



THE OLD GUN.

THIS old flintlock has been handed down for three generations, but I fear it will soon be no more. There it has been standing in the storm all winter. One side of the stock is gone and the other is very loose. The polished barrel is now eaten away with rust and the once easy working lock cannot now be moved at all.

Old gun, many are the deer and wild fowl that have fallen after the flash in your pan; yes, even Englishmen and Hessians may have been the game at which your muzzle was pointed in the early days of your existence! But your service is over, your story is of the past; though could you speak, many is the thrilling tale, told in the old log cabin before the glowing logs, that you could rehearse to this generation!

Freeman Tanner.



AN OLD PICTURE.

THE first thing I used to see upon awakening each morning was a picture hung on the wall above the foot of my bed. It was of a hunter, clad in a buckskin suit and standing with one foot on the neck of a large buck he had just killed. On his foot his gun was resting and on the muzzle of the gun he was leaning with both hands. Behind the trees to the left of the picture several Indians

were lurking, one with his bow and arrow aimed at the hunter's breast.

What daring ambitions that picture instilled into my youthful mind! As I gazed at it day after day I lived for the time-being the wild life of a pioneer. To get a gun and be like my picture-hero was the all-absorbing thought of my life. I even wanted to let my hair grow long like his.

Today as I look at the picture and laugh at the ruins of the castle I built, I think that the happiest part of a man's life is boyhood, when he is able to enter body and soul into the spirit of everything. Don't be too hard on a boy, for the cause of his sometimes foolish ambitions, unconscious to you, unconscious to himself, may lie in even so small a thing as a picture.

J. F. Day.



"OLD ELEPHANT."

MR. D—— owned a very strange horse, which was known in the neighborhood as "Old Elephant." Anyone would apply this name to him at first sight by reason of his ungainly appearance and elephant gait. He was of light bay color; with a large rhinoceros head, short cow-neck, high withers, and back that sloped gradually from them to his short, bushy tail.

The disposition of the horse was strange, in that he preferred to be alone when loose; and if he was going along the road he would not turn from his path for anything but a person. To be reaching through some fence as a breachy cow, for something green to eat, was his chief delight. Although the horse was capable of doing much work he was still unprofitable, as it took so much feed to keep him in working condition.

Mr. D—— tried at various times to get rid of him either by sale or trade, but no one seemed to want him. At last he concluded to put Old Elephant on the threshing machine where he could earn his feed. The boss of the machine gladly accepted the horse,

thinking he would be just the animal for the work; and the farmers would have to put up the feed for him. Old Elephant did not work well on the machine, as he got excited and broke three sweeps of the horse-power in succession. The machine-boss then rejected him in disgust. Mr. D—— gave him away to a young Englishman who affirmed that Old Elephant ate a ton of hay in three days and nights.

John Powelson.

THE OLD CRADLE.

HANGING from the ceiling of the granary is an old cradle which has been a piece of the household furniture ever since Papa and Mama were made happy by such names. All their children have been rocked to sleep in it. I well remember, when but a tot, watching Papa put new rockers on it. Many a time have I sat and rocked that old cradle until I grew weary, and wished I were the babe, rather than the little girl that had to do the rocking.

But there are also fond remembrances attached to it. I plainly recall the time when I used to draw my little chair close to Mama's and watched how fast her knitting needles would go, and listen to the lullaby songs she would sing to the babe nestling beneath the downy coverlid. They seem even today the prettiest songs I have ever listened to. And as I look at the old cradle suspended in the air I cannot help but feel that there should be a better place for so faithful a friend.

Lettie Stephenson.

THE FAMILY CLOCK.

«TICK-TOCK-TICK-TOCK,» says our dear, old-fashioned friend on the mantel-piece. Long has it stood in our home, and always been pleasant no matter how dismal its surroundings. For years, its bold Roman figures were a mystery to me, and I wondered how other

people could tell what they meant. Hours together I have sat listening to its ticking and imagined it was talking to me. The strangest thing was that it always seemed to talk as I felt. When I was lonely the clock seemed to express my loneliness. When I was happy, it seemed to tick for joy. Sometimes I would think, «Will it go on forever?» and the clock would answer, «forever,» until tired of this fancy, when it would seem to say something else. By it have been timed the heart-beats of the dying, and by it have been timed the weary hours of darkness and sorrow, felt only by bereaved parents. Sometimes its loud tones awake old memories and I long to be a child again.

Phebe Campbell.

THE GREEN BOX.

YES, I can see it now, that little green wooden box. You say it is ugly. Oh, no, not so to me. How often has my childish heart been filled with glee when Mama would permit me to take the key, place it into the old fashioned padlock, and take a peep inside that wonderful medicine chest, with its peculiar odor, and its many partitions for boxes, bottles and cans. Then how eagerly would I listen to the stories she would tell of how, when she was a little girl, every cut finger, every bumped head, and every sore throat must be cured by something from this magic box.

Even now I love to take it on my knee, fold my arms across the lid, and think of the past. It tells me stories that weave themselves around my heart. It leads me back to a cosy home among the green, rolling hills of old England, and there I see the play grounds and many haunts of Mama's childhood days. It seems that I can almost feel the presence of her dear parents, who though strict and firm were kind, and ruled with so much love and wisdom that all was happiness and order in their home. Three girls and one idolized brother formed the happy quar-

tette of children. It seems so sweet to think that Mama was once a girl as I am.

Hettie T. Snow.



THE LITTLE NEWSBOY.

«Don't be gone long, Joe; I'm so hungry!»

«All right. But before I go, let's kneel down and say our prayers, and then I feel sure I can sell all my papers.»

As Joe was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction in a way that showed he was used to the business and did not care who jeered him, the car started, and the conductor, passing him, laughed and said:

«Caught this time, Joe; you'll have to walk to Fourteenth Street now.»

«Don't care,» laughed Joe in return, «I can sell all the way back again.»

An old gentleman seemed interested in the

boy and asked him about his home and whom he made a living for.

«Our home is in a large box and I have a younger brother to support. Jimmy is lame and can't earn much hisself.»

«That makes it hard! You could do better alone.»

The shabby little figure stood erect in a moment and answered back:

«No I couldn't! Jim's somebody to go home to. He's lots of help. What would be the good of havin' luck, if nobody was glad? Or if gettin' things, there was nobody to divide with?»

The car then stopped and Joe started back. On his way home he sold all his papers and took Jim a nice, warm breakfast. Before they ate, they returned thanks to their Father in heaven and always said they could do better when they prayed, as their mother had taught them before she died.

Kady Calvin.



BODYGUARDS OF SOVEREIGNS.

IT is a striking fact that the potentates, however great their popularity and the strength of their armies, have always been loath to entrust the sole guardianship of their sacred persons to attendants from their own subjects, preferring bodyguards of foreign nationality. As the greatest safeguard against treason they employ aliens, holding that money purchases more faithful service than that prompted by patriotism. For centuries the fidelity and sturdiness of the Swiss were so famed that nearly every European ruler had a Swiss bodyguard, entrusting himself to their protection rather than to that of his own subjects.

Until the middle of the eighteenth century

the French kings had a Scots guard and Gustavus Adolphus formed a similar corps. Moors were also highly esteemed as royal bodyguards. Being Mohammedans, they had no scruples in ridding their masters of any Christians who were inclined to thwart the royal plans. The great Napoleon was attended by a dozen Mamelukes, and one of these always slept across the doorway of the emperor's bedroom. Until fifty years ago the Moorish bodyguard formed a picturesque feature of the Spanish court. They were finally disbanded by Queen Isabella. The term «infantry,» it may be noted, was originally the Spanish name for the bodyguard of a royal prince or «Infante.» The Moors, how-

ever, were merely the guards during the day. For centuries it has been the right of the Monteros of Espinosa to guard the Spanish sovereign during the night. For four hundred years natives of Espinosa, who have served in the army with honor, have enjoyed the exclusive privilege of guarding the royal family of Spain from sunset to sunrise. Their service begins at midnight. At that hour they enter the palace, locking the gates after the ancient ceremony. The men are clad in mail, carrying halberds, and wear felt-soled shoes. Before the door of the sleeping apartment of each royal prince and princess one of them is stationed. The remainder in their felt-soled shoes silently patrol the halls and corridors until seven a. m., when all withdraw and open the palace gates to the outer world.

The czar of Russia is most vigilantly guarded. The Imperial Guards were incorporated by Peter the Great. Not a man is under six feet six inches in height. The Guards Chasseurs are composed of only dark-complexioned men, while the Ismailowski are all blondes. A retroussé nose is essential to enrollment in the Pavlow Guards.

These corps are especially privileged; a lieutenant in the guards ranks higher than the colonel of an ordinary line regiment. But the special bodyguard of the "white czar" consists of Turkomans, the hereditary and deadly enemies of all Russians. Less obtrusive, but not less protective, are the Corsican secret police. They number about forty men, and always accompany, shadow, and surround the autocrat of all the Russias. They eye every member of the imperial household from prince to scullion with the same suspicion. They keep a keen eye on the kitchen and prevent poison being introduced into the royal food. With Turkoman and Corsican to guard them, the emperor and his family are personally served by English attendants. Well might the late czar say to the princess of Wales when the annual family gathering at Copenhagen broke up, "Good-by, my dear; you go back to your English home, and I to my Russian prison." The freedom with which the czar, unattended by uniformed officials, moved about in Moscow during his recent visit, was contrary to all Russian precedent, and created a deep impression among the people.

Selected.



HE GOT THE PLACE.

THE following anecdote is a tradition of a manufacturing firm in Glasgow, Scotland, and it is characteristic of Scotch pluck and persistency:

A barefooted, ragged urchin presented himself before the desk of the head of an important firm, and asked for work as an errand-boy.

"There's a deal o' running to be dune," said Mr. Blank, jestingly affecting a broad Scotch accent. "Your qualification wud be a pair o' shoon."

The boy, with a grave nod, disappeared. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed before he had saved money enough to buy the shoes. Then he presented himself before Mr. Blank one morning and held out a package.

"I have the shoon, sir," said the poorly-clad boy.

Mr. Blank with difficulty recalled the circumstances. "Oh, you want a place? Not

in those rags, my lad! You would disgrace the house."

The boy hesitated a moment, and then went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was aroused. For the first time he looked at the boy attentively. His thin, bloodless face showed that he had stinted himself of food in order to buy the clothes. The manufacturer questioned him, and found, to his regret, that he could neither read nor write.

"It is necessary that you should do both before we can employ you in carrying home

packages," he said. "We have no place for you."

The lad's face grew paler, but without a word of complaint he disappeared. He now went fifteen miles into the country, and found work in stables near a night-school. At the end of the year he again presented himself before Mr. Blank.

"I can read and write," he said.

"I gave him the place," the employer said, years afterward, "with the conviction that sooner or later he would take mine, if he made up his mind to do it. Men rise slowly in Scotch business houses, but he is our chief foreman."

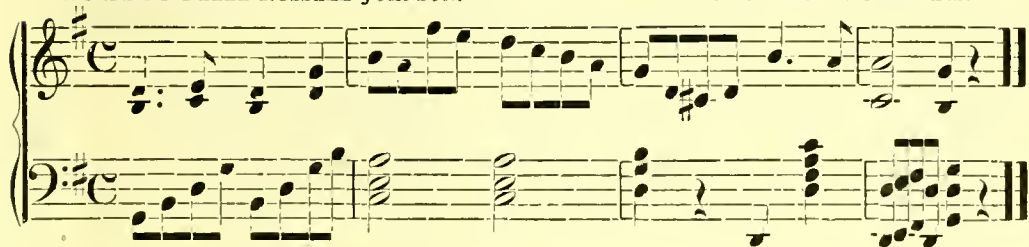


CLASS SONG—UP, UP AND FOLLOW, COMRADES.

Motto, "The higher we climb, the broader our view."

WORDS BY BELLE RUSSELL JOHNSON.

MUSIC BY GEO. CARELESS.



1. Ere the first faint sun-beams Have touched the for-est trees; Ere
2. Ere the lark's wing trem-bles A - bove her grassy nest; Ere
3. When up - on life's o - cean We launch our barks a - way, And

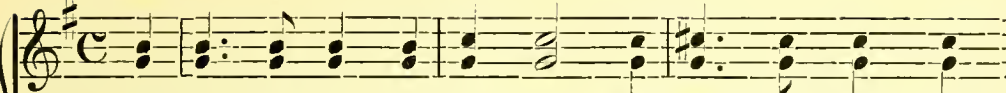


yet the lakes and streams are rippled By the morning breeze;
 yet she shakes the dew from flowers Nestling to her breast;
 leave be - hind the shelter Of childhood's pleasant bay,

High up - on the hill top Rests a crown of gold, While
 High up - on the moun - tain Breaks a radiant light, While
 Still with hand on oar, And eye on beacon light, We'll

yet the for - ests far be - low, The shadow - y mists enfold.
 yet the val - leys far be - low, Are shad - owed with the night.
 steer di - rect and fear - less For Learn - ing's star-crowned height.


CHORUS.



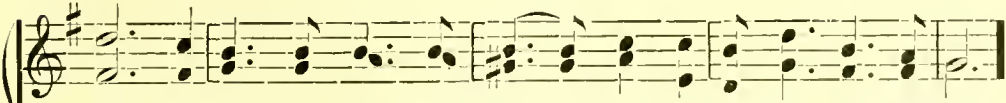
1. Up, up and fol - low, comrades; We'll climb the dist - ant
 2. Up, up and fol - low, comrades, We'll plant our stand - ard
 3. We'll plant our banner proud - ly, Up - on her conquered



height, And fling abroad our ban - ner, To catch the golden
 there, And call the world to wak - en, To greet the dawnlight
 tow'rs, And rest within the light that shines From higher worlds than



light. We'll shout a - down the hillside, We'll star - tle night's ar -
 fair; We'll shout a - down the mountain, We'll bat - tle night's ar -
 ours; We'll shout a - down the mountain, From hill and tow'ring



ray, And her - ald to the sleeping world The coming of the day.
 ray, And call the world to wak - en To greet the coming day.
 height, And call the world to wak - en To greet the coming light.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

HAS GOD'S WAY OF PREACHING THE GOSPEL CHANGED?

THE preaching of the Gospel of salvation has always seemed to us the most delightful and the most blessed labor that man could engage in. There is a pleasure and a satisfaction in it that no other labor can give. The souls of men are precious in the sight of the Father. That they might be saved, His Son came to earth, endured trouble and contumely, and finally died upon the cross. Can there be any labor more delightful and more God-like, therefore, than to seek to bring mankind to a knowledge of truth whereby the salvation of the soul can be accomplished?

The Savior Himself established a plan for the preaching of the Gospel of salvation, and gave His disciples plain instructions on the subject. When He sent them out to preach the Kingdom of God and to heal the sick, He commanded them: "Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip, neither bread, neither money; neither have two coats apiece." And again: "Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes." And again: "Freely ye have received, freely give. Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves." And still again: "And commanded them that they should take nothing for their journey, save a staff only; no scrip, no bread, no money in their purse." And when the Apostles had prepared the Passover, and He had eaten with them, predicting that one of them should betray Him; when, in the shadow of this sorrow and of His impending doom He had predicted that even Peter, the chief Apostle, should deny Him, he put to His associates in the ministry the point-blank question, "When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything?" And they answered, "nothing."

This was the plan established by the Savior

of the world Himself, this the testimony that in obeying Him, the disciples had not suffered. Has either the plan or the testimony changed in any respect during the eighteen hundred years that elapsed between His departure from the earth and the restoration of the Gospel in the latter days?

In that impressive and inspiring revelation on the Priesthood given the 22nd and 23rd of September, 1832, through Joseph the Prophet to him and six Elders as they united their hearts and lifted their voices on high, the Savior, calling them His friends, said: "It is expedient that I give unto you this commandment, that ye become even as my friends in days when I was with them traveling to preach the Gospel in my power, for I suffered them not to have purse or scrip neither two coats; * * * Therefore let no man among you, (for this commandment is unto all the faithful who are called of God in The Church unto the ministry,) from this hour take purse or scrip, that goeth forth to proclaim this Gospel of the Kingdom." This command is immediately followed by glorious promises not only to the Elders themselves, but to those who receive them and minister to their wants: "Who-so receiveth you receiveth me, and the same will feed you, and clothe you, and give you money. And he who feeds you, clothes you, or gives you money, shall in no wise lose his reward: And he that doeth not these things is not my disciple; by this you may know my disciples." And as to the Elders, he said: "I will go before your face; I will be on your right hand and on your left, and my Spirit shall be in your hearts, and mine angels round about you, to bear you up."

Now, we look upon this command as being as binding as it ever was, and the promised blessings we know are just as sure. No Elder who has tested the Lord in this matter has failed to receive all and more than he expected. Of course in these days of the great

unbelief of the world, and in the gleanings process which is going on, a strong degree of faith in God is necessary, and a deep humility, to enable the Elder to rely upon the promise. It is much easier, viewed from the usual human standpoint, to have a little money on hand in case of need, than to depend upon the Lord to open the hearts of the people; and so prevalent has become the idea that money is indispensable that many of the Elders make arrangements, before setting out on their missions, for a regular monthly sum or stipend to be sent to them, lest they suffer or starve while away.

In our public speaking as well as in these columns, this subject has been a favorite one. We may hold rather extreme views, yet there is abundant authority for them. Of course there are circumstances which render it advisable that the Elders be able to show that they are not penniless—this applying to lands where the laws are very strict as to anything having the appearance of vagrancy. There may be other circumstances also where the possession of some means is necessary. We do not mean to be unreasonable or technical in our interpretation of the commandment referred to. But we do know, not only from personal experience but also from the statements of hundreds of Elders, that the Lord is both able and willing to help and bless those who put their trust in Him. And those who do not afford Him the opportunity, not only are deprived of much of the success that would otherwise attend their labors—they also fail to enjoy in full measure that Spirit which He has promised shall be in their hearts, that heavenly peace and joy that passeth all description.

In this connection we make a few extracts from a letter recently received from an old friend in Utah County—a letter which we have read with great pleasure. The writer is over seventy years of age, hale and hearty, and declares that he enjoys himself in the Gospel of Christ better if possible than he ever did. Here is his testimony:

«Your recent remarks as reported in the *Deseret News*, and also an article you lately wrote on the subject of preaching the Gospel without purse or scrip, have again brought before me a subject that I have studied a great deal in my lifetime. I like your views and cannot help writing to let you know that my experience is the same as yours. I was set apart under the hands of Elder Hayden W. Church as traveling Priest in the Herefordshire Conference, being too young to bear the Melchisedek Priesthood. I was to go without purse or scrip; and to my joy and satisfaction I can say as the Apostles of old who, when asked if they lacked anything, replied, (Nothing, Lord.) I labored seven years in the Herefordshire Conference before I came, in the year 1856, to this country. A few years after I came here, lo and behold the cry was that God had changed His way of sending His missionaries out to preach without purse and scrip. I went to Salt Lake and saw my old friend, President Taylor, to know about this, and he told me that all there was in it was that the Elders did not have faith enough. I volunteered then and there to go on a mission anywhere he said and I would show that God had not changed in His ways or promises. President Taylor accepted my offer and told me to get ready and go. I paid my own way to Liverpool and when I landed there I had twenty-five cents in my pocket. There were six or seven of us, and in the talk in the office, the question asked was (Brother So-and-So, how much money have you?) One said one hundred dollars, another seventy-five dollars, etc. One had fifty dollars, and he was criticised severely for not having brought more. He said that was all he had, and the reply to him was that he might as well turn round and go home, for that amount would not last long, and it was impossible for any one to think of preaching without money. It was my turn next: (Well, Brother R ———, how much have you?) (Twenty-five cents,) was the reply. (You astonish me! What are you thinking about?)

I answered boldly, 'I don't think, I *know* what I am going to do. I am going to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ without purse or scrip. God has told us that if we will put our faith and trust in Him He will be our friend under all circumstances; on this I put my trust.' The only encouragement I got was, 'I fear for you, because so many have failed.'

«Well, I put in two years and two months as a missionary when I was released honorably. Thank God, I found my Father true to all His promises. In regard to wanting for anything, it was out of the question. I never was short of food, or clothing, or money. Sometimes I could show thirty shillings at a time, in my pocket. When I came home and gave my experience, the people seemed to enjoy my remarks, but there were many who still insisted that the Elders must go forth with money, and I know some who have kept their wives at the wash-tub to get means to send them. My testimony is that if we do

not do things in God's way we cannot fill the bill—we cannot expect Him to help us. I have spent nine years in the mission field; I am not afraid to go again and try my Father's love and blessings for me if I will put my whole trust in Him. I would never allow any person, or quorum, or anyone to take up a collection for me, neither did I ever beg for money myself from anyone. What I got was what God put in the people's hearts to give me.

«I have often thought of your son who went to Germany and lay down his life for the cause of Christ. I don't believe he ever tasted of death but was changed in the twinkling of an eye. I spent one day with him in London on my last mission. Some say he killed himself by exposure. All right, he died in the Lord, and lived in the Lord, and he is the Lord's: what more can any one of us want?»



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

WHAT WORK AND PERSISTENCE DID FOR HUNTINGTON.

DURING last month—on the 13th, to be specific—there died an American citizen who, whatever his characteristics and reputation according to the view of some of his fellow-citizens, was unquestionably a great man. He was a believer in and a developer of the Great West probably beyond any other man of his time. He amassed millions by his speculative and executive skill, but the region from which he gained it was enriched to the extent of hundreds of millions through the enterprises he managed. He may have been grasping and cold-blooded—as, indeed, he was frequently accused of being—but he accom-

plished great things for the section of country in which he operated—and «the laborer is worthy of his hire.»

Collis P. Huntington, to whom reference is made, was as good a hater as he was staunch a friend. There will therefore be many kinds of opinion as to his merits and his faults. This much, however, will be generally credited to him: he was unceasingly busy, a worker every day and all the day long; and one who believed thoroughly that whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing well. These attributes of thoroughness and industry brought him success, as they will every person who employs them. And while it is not the custom to pass high eulogies upon men whose chief claim to greatness is their gift

or success in accumulating mere wealth, there is much in Mr. Huntington's character that is worthy of study and emulation by young men everywhere. Why should not a man who began life with nothing and ended it with seventy millions of dollars, offer in his career something deserving of examination? Why should not a man who by the courage and persistence of his genius opens up a new empire to agriculture, commerce and the arts of civilization, be worthy a place in the temple of fame as well as the one who paints an immortal picture or who writes an undying poem? Not that the simple gathering of wealth, by any or every device, entitles the possessor to credit or eminence—not by any means. Wealth is at best only an incident of greatness, of itself it is nothing—it is valuable only for the increased power it gives its possessor to do good. But there is profit in studying, and frequently much to admire in the methods employed by those who through force of character advance from poverty to affluence. Similar methods may not bring similar results to all who use them, just as opportunities and circumstances may and do differ. But the good traits exhibited in the career of any self-made man, no matter what his faults may be, cannot but yield upon observation much that is helpful to other good men.

It is something to be known as one of the coterie of men who reduced the time between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts of our continent—between the bay of New York and the bay of San Francisco—from six months to six days. Mr. Huntington was one of these. At fourteen years of age he started out in Connecticut to work for his own living, and a year later he had earned, in addition to his board and clothes, eighty-four dollars, every cent of which he had saved! Thirteen years later he started for California—this in 1848—with a cash capital of twelve hundred dollars, and a wife. He trebled his capital before reaching the Golden Gate, through which he passed as a sailor before the mast. Readers of this magazine know something of the de-

velopment of California after the gold discovery, and of the inception of the great transcontinental railway. Huntington was a moving spirit in the western part of this mighty project, and at his death he was still at the head of its affairs—the company, however, having grown until it owned ten thousand miles of railroad track and five thousand miles of steamship lines, earning sixty million dollars per year! His strong trait was strict attention to business, with a complete knowledge of every part of it. He neither went into an enterprise, nor sought to advocate it, until he knew all about it. He was equally acute and painstaking in purchasing a car-load of rails or in absorbing and assuming the control of an immense corporation representing many millions and affecting the interests of half a dozen States. He was as self-possessed, and generally as brusque, in dealing with a prime minister as with a section foreman on one of his lines. He had a tremendous capacity for work, and a mind which no detail however trifling could escape. No clerk in his employ worked more hours a day than he did, no agent or division superintendent knew more of the details of the vast business. He was of large build physically and was quite as robust mentally. He seemed to glory in conflict—that is, he was at his best when opposition and obstacles seemed strongest. Above all he was intensely industrious and thorough. He was not given to frequent vacations—the calls of business were as music to his ears—and this not because he begrudged anybody all the rest and recreation needed, but because for himself he was only happy when busy. He may have used his immense power despotically at times—he may have had a grip of iron which at times tended to strangle. No defense of any such tendency is here attempted, nor is such applauded or approved. But there are many lessons in his career that are profitable, and in calling attention to these, the purpose of this article is accomplished.

The Editor.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

“GRANDMA WISCOM.”



MERRY Christmas, Grandma! Merry Christmas!»

Little Dorothy was running in through Grandma Wiscom's gate to carry her a basket of rosy red Christmas apples.

«Mama sent you these with kisses.»

Grandma Wiscom wiped first one eye then the other, though she smiled. Little Dorothy stood upon the rocker of Grandma's chair to give her a big hug and a warm kiss on each cheek.

«Merry Christmas, Grandma!» piped a shrill voice in the door, and there stood Bennie Birch from across the street with a bright new tin bucket.

«Something for you, Grandma;» and Bennie placed the bucket on the floor at Grandma Wiscom's feet.

«Well, I never!» said Grandma, when she had lifted the cover; and there lay a great slice of golden cake, a cranberry tart and two fat round oranges.

«Merry Christmas, Grandma!» and big Ned

Brown, all the way from the end of the lane, had come to bring Grandma a nice warm shawl.

When he had put it around her, she wiped her eyes again—many times again—but she only said, «God bless you, my children!»

Aunt Alice.



FAVIE'S SCRAPES AND SCRAMBLES.

XI.

Sparkling waters, scented flowers,
Making earth seem gay;
Brightening long and busy hours,
As they slip away.
Red men from the forests wild;
Serpents crawling round;
Wondrous things the «Mormon» child,
In its travels found.

Songs were sung and stories told,
Passing pleasant jokes;
Thus all things their lessons hold,
For the little folks.

On the banks of the Mosquito Creek, a lot



A RAIN CAME POURING DOWN.

of the women were one day doing their washing.

The children were playing gaily about, when little Eva Kane, in trying to reach some flowers that grew near the water's edge, slipped into the creek. In an instant Favie plunged in, and saved his little sister from drowning. Then he thought, as long as his clothes were wet, he would have a good time. So he played about in the water, although his mother, fearing he might get in where it was deep, told him he would better come out.

At length, however, a great water snake got after him, and that made him hasten to shore and scramble out in a lively manner. Then he threw stones at the reptile, and drove it off.

One evening Favie and his little sister Nellie were out after their cow. They met three brothers, the oldest about Favie's age, or a little older. The two larger brothers were very cruel to the youngest one, and used to tease and abuse him. That evening they were making him dance in mud puddles, and

the little fellow was crying and almost breaking his heart over his brothers' ill-treatment.

Favie talked to the older brothers, trying to show them how wrong it was for them to treat their little brother as they were doing. But they only mocked at him, saying it was none of his business, and went on teasing the little one. Favie could not go home and not try to defend the poor little child who was being so badly treated. He became very angry, had high words with the oldest boy and finally struck him. Of course the other boy struck back, and a lively fist fight followed, in which Favie was the victor. Then he and Nellie went home driving their cow.

While nearly all the brethren were away, some with the Battalion and others working in different places for provisions, Indians used to come to the camp of the Saints and beg. Once when a gang of them wanted bread of Sister Kane, and she had none, they saw a piece of fat pork and asked for that. Sister Kane cooked it for them; and as



THE SUN OUT SMILING.

if fearful that the "white woman" might have poisoned the meat in some way, they wanted her to taste of it herself first. She did so, which seemed to give them assurance that it was all right. The chief then took a piece, and passed the dish around; each Indian had a piece. Then to the surprise of the children, the Indians passed the dish around again, and drank up the pint, or more, of hot grease.

Another time two Indians came to camp and one wanted to know if Sister Kane had seen his horse. "Seenem, hos?" he asked. "Seenem hos?"

Sister Kane could not understand him, but Favie could, and told his mother what the Indian said.

Then the Indian wanted to buy Rhoda and pay for her in ponies. Sister Kane told him no, she could not spare her daughter. He pointed to the other little girls, and talked away rapidly, as if he were saying that having so many girls, it was unkind of the "white woman" to be unwilling to spare the poor Indian one of them.

He then gave Rhoda two strands of beads, which pleased her at first. But a neighbor who was present, being somewhat acquainted with the ways of the Indians, told Rhoda if she kept the beads the Indian would come for her, as that was one of their customs. The little girl then gave back the beads, trembling with fear at the thought of what might have come of it. The Indian was much disgusted, and looked dark and savage.

At another time a fierce-looking Indian called at the house of a neighbor of the Kanes. Not seeing any one around, he picked up an iron wedge that was used to split wood and started to carry it off.

Favie saw him and called to the neighbor boys, telling them about it. That angered the Indian. He dropped the wedge and started after Favie, shaking his big war club.

Favie ran into the house and crawled between the feather bed and cords on the back of his mother's bed. Sister Kane did not see him get there, and when the Indian rushed in and wanted to know where the boy was, she told him truthfully she did not know. The Indian acted very angry and searched the house over, but without finding Favie. He then tried to kill an old hen with some little chickens. Sister Kane talked to him, and told him he must not do so.

Then he wanted a little bottle of cinnamon oil that he got sight of. Sister Kane gave it to him, tasting of it first, to please him. She pulled a face. Then the Indian tasted it, pulled a face, handed the bottle back to Sister Kane and went away.

While the sisters were left almost entirely to themselves, they used to meet together, sometimes in one home and sometimes in another, where they would bless each other, sing and pray, and enjoy a free flow of the Holy Spirit.

One day Sister Kane's children were allowed to go on a visit to Cartersville, two and a half miles from where they lived. When they returned they were shown a wee, baby sister, which was afterwards called Mattie. The little girls were eager to know when it came, and where from.

Sister Lane, who was nursing their mother, showed them a big pocket in her big black apron, and told them she found it in there.

Then they clamored to know why, if Sister Lane brought the baby, she did not

bring them a brother instead of another sister.

Their mother had to correct the old lady's misstatement. She assured her children that the Lord had sent the little sister to them, and that they must thank Him for His kindness in sending such a sweet, beautiful baby, and never mind if it was another sister, if that was what He wanted them to have. The children soon felt as their mother did, and loved little Mattie as they did each other.

A lady by the name of Miss Foote taught a school for the children on the creek, which Favie and Rhoda attended. And sometimes Nellie and Eva went also.

When a rain storm came on, the water in the creek would often rise very suddenly, and become dangerous. At one of those times Miss Foote charged the children very particularly not to try to cross the creek. But some of the larger ones, Favie with the rest, went over and back again on a foot bridge made of poles laid loosely together. One girl started across, and seeing the water rising rapidly, tried to turn back, and fell into the creek. She sank and arose twice, and was going down the third time when a young man caught her by the hair and pulled her out. The fright the children received from seeing that narrow escape of their schoolmate, the wise teacher thought punishment enough for their disobedience.

A few days later as the children were going home from school, they saw a man trying to cross the creek with an ox team. There was a wagon bridge, but that too was unsafe. The man had his wife and children in the wagon. The water had overflowed the bridge, and in crossing, the oxen became unmanageable. Favie rolled

up his pants and went in and helped the man, who then got over with his team and wagon all safe. But Favie was left on the other side and could not get back. So he went to a Brother Mitchell's where he stayed all night, and his little sisters went home without him. Sister Kane felt worried about her boy. But the next morning he got a ride over the creek, and reached home safely.

L. L. Greene Richards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



TO THE LETTER-BOX.

MANTI, UTAH.

I go to Sunday School and Primary and religion class, and I think we learn a great deal by going. I know that the Gospel is true because I have been healed by the power of the Lord. Two years ago I was running with a stick in my mouth and I fell on it and cut an ugly gash in the roof of my mouth. It bled quite bad but Papa administered to me and it stopped bleeding and soon got well.

Your little friend,

LEOMA M. FARNSWORTH. Aged 9.



BINGHAM CANYON.

I have a pet dog and her name is Juno. She is a water spaniel.

CLIFFORD HAIR. Aged 8.



PLAIN CITY, UTAH.

Our teacher in Sunday School wants us to write to you, so I will try. I go to Sunday School, Primary and religion class. My oldest brother is second assistant superin-

tendent. I have six brothers and three sisters. My mother is gone to take a course of kindergarten work.

JOSEPHINE COTTLE. Aged 9.



POPLAR, PLAIN CITY, UTAH.

This is the first time I have written to your readers. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and also to day school. I go to Primary and religion class. My Mother and Father are teachers in Sunday School. I have great faith in the Lord. The teacher in Sunday School wants us to pay our tithing. I hope the Lord will bless all the little children.

LUELLA COTTLE. Aged 11.



CHESTERFIELD, IDAHO.

Seeing so many of my little friends writing to the JUVENILE, I thought I would write a few lines. I have three brothers and one sister. One of my little brothers got his leg broken last spring but he is all right now. I go to Primary and Sunday School and like to go very much. My Papa runs a dairy. My Grandpa is on a mission. This is the first time I have written, so I will close.

Yours, with love for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

RAY LOVELAND. Aged 8.



POCATELLO, IDAHO.

I wish to tell you about this place where I live. We have an excellent Sunday School with two hundred members and twenty officers, and a very good Primary with about forty-six members. I am librarian, and a member of the Y. M. M. I. A. I have one

sister and three brothers. We have all had our patriarchal blessings, and they are very grand. We have two very good public schools, and one high school.

HERBERT WILLIAMS. Aged 12.



RANDOLPH, ARKANSAS.

I have been reading your letters for some time, and I thought that I would write to you. I have two sisters. We have Sunday School at our house every Sunday. Elder Leander L. Clifford is our superintendent, and Mama is the teacher of the primary class.

Your new friend,

ZELMA LELA SMITH. Aged 12.



AURORA, UTAH.

I have a little sister at home. She has black hair and blue eyes. She is as pretty as a doll. She was two years old on the 21st of July.

ARILLA LEWIS. Aged 9.



LOGAN, UTAH.

I thought I would write a few words. I am eleven years old and go to Sunday School. I am in the second intermediate. My teacher in Sunday School reads us stories and then gives us leaflet lessons. One of our teachers went away, so we have just had two for some time. I like to go to Sunday School. And I like the teachers, and I like to hear the songs. I just have a few blocks to go to Sunday School.

ALBERT OLOFSON.



PROVO.

Mama reads us the little letters and we love to hear them. The jubilee was on my

birthday. I was six years old. Mama has to hold my hand while I write, because I haven't learned how yet.

My little brother was sick one night and said if Papa would ask Heavenly Father to bless him he would get well, so Papa laid his hands on his head and asked the Lord to bless him and in the morning he was well.

MIGNON JOHNSON.



SMITHFIELD, UTAH.

I am a little Mormon girl. I go to Sunday School and Primary. And I think they are both nice places to go to. I also go to school and I am in the third reader. I have a doll named Mabel, and she will be a year old the Christmas coming if she don't get broken. We have a baby named Maurice, who we think is the nicest baby in town. I think I will close for this time.

JOHANN MILES. Aged 9.



COLONIA OAXACA, SONORA, MEXICO.

I take delight in reading your letters and have long wished to write to you but I was afraid. We have a district school, but some of the older boys and girls go to the academy at Juarez. My sister and brother are there. While Apostle Woodruff and President Ivins were here we had our Sunday School jubilee. The children are trying to do the will of the Lord.

RUTH WILSON.



CLARKSTON.

I will tell you a little incident that occurred two years ago. My Mama is subject to the quinsy. She had a bad cold one night and we thought the quinsy would come next.

But that night when my two sisters and I went to bed we knelt down and prayed to the Lord and asked Him to bless her and He did.

MATTIE BARSON. Aged 12.



MT. PLEASANT.

I thought I would write a letter—for the first time I have ever written. I have three sisters and three brothers. I love to go to Primary and Sunday School. Once my sister was very sick, but when the Elders blessed her she got well again, and I know that it was the Lord that made her well. As the letters must be short I won't write more this time.

From your new friend,

EMMA LUND. Aged 10.



WOODVILLE, IDAHO.

I was eight years old last July, and was baptized on the 12th of August. I go to Sunday School and Primary, and love my teachers very much. I have two sisters and one brother. I love to tend the baby, and help my Papa and Mama.

Your little friend,

WILLIE HAMMER.



CLARKSTON.

I am going to tell you about my little sister. She was so sick that we didn't think she would live. We all asked the Lord to bless her and He did bless her and she is still alive. Well, I guess I will tell you about my school. I have a nice teacher. He is a gentleman and is very kind to us all. I am

in the fifth grade and I think there are about twelve in our class.

ANNIE H. JARDINE. Aged 11.



[From far-off Germany Elder Arthur J. Done sends a letter from two little Sunday School children. It is neatly and correctly written, and following is the translation of it:]

SORAU, GERMANY.

Hearty greetings to the Sunday School children in Zion from the Sunday School children of the Sorau branch in Germany.

Dear Sunday School children:—We are very far away from you, but we wish to send you a letter about our Sunday School. Every Sunday forenoon at ten o'clock, we come together to hear of and learn the word of God, and we receive therein many teachings which are of great benefit to us. Our Sunday School has not been organized very long. On April 29, 1900, the first session was held. Elder Arthur J. Done of Payson, Utah, is our superintendent and teacher of the theological class, and Elder J. C. Gleason of Garland, Utah, is teacher of the primary class; Sister Clara Preuss is the assistant teacher of the primary class, and Sister Anna Braennig is secretary of the school. There are now thirty-five scholars enrolled.

We love our Sunday School very much and always try to better keep the commandments of God. We are very much pleased that we can also sing your Sunday School songs, for we have learned quite a number of English as well as German Sunday School songs.

May the blessings of God rest upon yours as well as ours, and upon all the Sunday

Schools. This is our heartfelt wish for all of you.

Margarete Preuss.

Anna Lohan.



OVID, IDAHO.

My Sunday School teachers told us to write to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. We have very kind teachers in our class. I have had the pleasure of shaking hands with our beloved President Lorenzo Snow. My aunt has a lock of the Prophet Joseph Smith's hair. I go to Primary, Sunday School and religion class, and we learn lots of good things. I have four brothers and two sisters; one of my brothers was baptized last summer.

HAZEL LINDSAY. Aged 10 years.



"A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME."

«Bill,» said the small boy to the bird,
«I'm fond of you, upon my word.
But lately I have not been able
To take an apple off the table,
Or from the pantry swipe a cookie,
Or jam, or even play at hookey,
But mamma gets right at the facts,
No matter how I hide my tracks.
And then she turns me on her knee,
And, crackey! but she wallops me!
And when I ask, «who told you, ma?»
She only laughs and says, «Aha!
A little birdie watches you
And tells me everything you do!»

«Now, Bill, perhaps you're not the one
But chances I don't like to run.
So get this through your head, somehow—
I'm going to the pantry now
To sample every jar and dish
And eat just everything I wish,
And—listen, Bill, if anyone
Should ever hear what I have done,
Remember what I've said, and that
I'll—well, I'll feed you to the cat!»

Paul West.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY A MEMBER OF THE BOARD.

SUNDAY SCHOOL DISCIPLINE. XV—GEOGRAPHY.

RELIGION is always associated with the conduct of man or the conduct of nations. National conduct means history, and history implies a knowledge of geography. The better we are acquainted with the country, its outline and general features, the easier we can grasp the life and the movements of the people. Indeed it often happens that the location furnishes us a key to national life and to the religion of the people. An example of this may be seen in the position and conduct of ancient Israel. Palestine, the country inhabited by that people, was located at a central place on the great highway between the east and the west. On one side of the Holy Land was Egypt, on the other the nations of the valley of Mesopotamia. The nations on the east and the Egyptians were in constant conflict and in the midst of their wars they naturally sought the alliance of the Israelites whose country afforded battle fields for the contending parties; and it was often believed that victory would be with the nation that secured the support of ancient Israel. As a consequence, there grew up political parties among Israel; one party advocating an alliance with Egypt, the other an alliance with Assyria, Babylon, Persia or some other country in the Mesopotamia. Here a geographical knowledge is indispensable to a full understanding of the motives which actuated ancient Israel in their relation and obligation to Jehovah. Indeed it is not possible to have an adequate knowledge of history without geographical study. Religion, then, is one phase of historical life, for it involves not only the relationship of man to God, but the relationship between man and man.

Again, religious teachings are more helpful as they are made more and more concrete,

as they have an application to the daily affairs of man. The past is then made to resemble more perfectly the present. Then geographical knowledge has a peculiar interest of its own. There are always interesting traces of the people which grow out of the physical condition of the country in which they live. The geography of a country often serves to explain why things are so. Geographical and historical knowledge removes distance and time and brings us into closer touch with past ages.

Much of the pleasure and a great deal of valuable information are lost in the study of the Old or New Testament without some knowledge of the geographical conditions of Palestine. In the study of the Old Testament different maps are necessary. In the first place, one map should include the country of the Mesopotamia and Egypt, as well as that of the Holy Land. This map should have upon it a line of travel from the place where Abraham left the land of his birth, to the final location of the tribes of Israel under the rule of Joshua. One set of colored lines should represent the patriarchal life, showing the travels of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The line of another color should indicate the national life of Israel leaving Egypt and wandering in the wilderness, and the final settlement in the land of their fathers. A second map should contain the location of the twelve tribes of Israel. A third should contain a division of the country under the kings when one capital was put at Samaria and another at Jerusalem. A fourth map should indicate the captivity, including the return to the Holy Land. A fifth map should show the location of the Jews at the time of Christ. This last map should indicate the location of those Jews who were left in bondage in Mesopotamia; those in Palestine; those in Alexandria, and then the position of the Jews as

they were scattered throughout the Roman empire. In the study of New Testament history two maps are quite necessary; one giving the political division of the country in the time of Christ, that is, showing the provinces of Galilee, Samaria and Judea. The other map should contain the country covered by the travels of Apostle Paul.

Latterly we have given some attention to the study of Church history, and so far as I know, there are no historic maps on this subject. Such a map might easily be gotten up by any teacher of that subject. A map of the United States can be easily had. The teacher could begin by locating the birth-place of Joseph Smith, and follow his wanderings to the Hill Cumorah. Then Kirtland might be located. Lines could be drawn locating the travels of Zion's Camp. On the same map might be traced the movements of the people when they were driven from Missouri and gathered at Nauvoo. From Nauvoo a line could be drawn across Iowa to Winter Quarters. Other lines might indicate the great exodus across the Plains to Salt Lake City. From Winter Quarters another series of lines might be drawn indicating the travels of the Mormon Battalion. Others might show the principal routes taken by the immigrants from Europe to this country. In earlier days there was a great deal of travel up the Mississippi. In addition to this a map of the world might be had, and upon it located the important missions with their headquarters designated by little round dots.

The sketches of the geographical study are given here in general outline, but the inventive teacher can make his map with a great many details that will give instruction and create interest. The study of the physical features of the country is always interesting and useful, and wherever it has a bearing upon the lives of the people it should be encouraged. Few perhaps realize the value and aid that geography is to the study of theological subjects found in ecclesiastical history. Now that the Mormon people are assuming

the missionary work of world-wide importance, it will be helpful to every student, who follows the growth and development of Mormonism, to place within his reach the geographical knowledge of the countries which the work of Mormonism is already covering. A very useful book, and perhaps the best published for general reading on the geography of the Holy Land is one entitled, "The Land and the Book," by Thompson.

J. M. Tanner.



A SECOND SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The success that attended and the good that was accomplished by the first convention of our Church Sunday Schools in the fall of 1898, has led the Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union to call a second convention to be held in Salt Lake City, on Monday and Tuesday, November 12th and 13th. As yet the arrangements are not fully made, but as far as can be told at this time the program will be as follows: Sunday morning the stake superintendents, secretaries and other officers, will meet with the members of the Board at 10 o'clock, at a place to be hereafter decided upon. At 2 o'clock the visitors from all parts will meet in the Tabernacle when they will be addressed by members of the First Presidency and the Twelve Apostles on subjects connected with our Sunday School interests. The remarks of the brethren will be interspersed with singing, and Conductor Stephens will be asked to have the choir sing pieces adapted to Sunday School work. In the evening the visitors will be at liberty to attend any of the ward meetings that will best suit their convenience or their choice. On Monday and Tuesday meetings will be held at 9:30 a. m., and at 2 and 7 p. m., in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City. At these meetings the first half hour will (as on the former occasion) be devoted to the practice of Sunday School hymns and songs. The rest of the time will be devoted to lectures and instructions on Sunday School topics and the answering of questions germane to Sunday

School work; all of which will be interspersed with vocal or instrumental music. Special features will give increased interest to the evening meeting on both days; the details of which have not, as yet, been fully determined upon.

The general committee appointed by the Board consists of Elders George Reynolds, Joseph W. Summerhays and George D. Pyper, and numerous sub-committees will be appointed. Lists of members of these committees will be published at an early date. As on the former occasion, committees on reception and information and on entertainment will be appointed, whose duty it will be to see that our visiting Sunday School workers are cared for and made to feel at home. As before, a corps of messengers will be at their command and refreshments will be provided for those fatigued by their long incoming travel. Places of entertainment will also be provided for those who have no relatives or friends in Salt Lake City, with whom they would prefer to spend the convention days. Arrangements will be made with the railroads for special rates so that as large a number of delegates as possible will feel free to attend.

It is hoped by the general superintendency that every school will find it possible to send at least two representatives, while it would please them greatly if the larger schools would proportionately increase their representation according to the strength of their enrollment. Besides these it is expected that all stake superintendencies, officers, aids and missionaries will be present.

A white ribbon printed in blue has been adopted as the badge of the Union, and the buttons will be colored gold and blue on a white ground. In design the buttons will be the same as at the last convention.



CEDAR CITY WARD NORMAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT—EXPLANATORY.

By request of the superintendency of Sunday Schools of Parowan stake, Professor Mil-

ton Bennion of the State Normal Branch school at Cedar City was authorized by the Deseret Sunday School Union Board to organize and conduct a normal training department for Sunday School teachers connected with the Cedar City Sunday School, and subjoined report contains a statement of his labors in that direction during the past school year:

Training began this school year October 1st, 1899, in six departments, with six training teachers and sixteen practice teachers. In January the training was extended to seven departments and the number of practice teachers increased to eighteen. This included the whole Sunday School, except the infant class.

Last year we changed practice teachers from one department to another once a month. This year we began with a term of six weeks in each department and later extended it to two months. We believe that this latter arrangement is better, as it gives the practice teachers a chance to teach after they have become acquainted with their pupils, and perhaps better acquainted with the subject taught in the department.

On receiving a class of practice teachers—usually three in number—the training teacher presents a model lesson the first Sunday. She then assigns work to the practice teachers for the following Sunday. They plan their lessons and submit them to the training teacher for criticism not later than Wednesday. They then have the latter part of the week to become fully prepared after their plans have been criticized and corrected or re-written. The training teacher then observes the work of the practice teacher and gives private and individual criticism at the close of school. This is continued while they remain in one department. But the parts assigned to each are changed from Sunday to Sunday so that each practice teacher has a chance to do all the work of the department.

All members of the normal class attend

the regular teachers' meeting and we have been given a portion of the time for normal work. Besides this we have a normal class meeting once a month.

We do not undertake to study psychology or pedagogy in the Sunday School, but we do seek to understand and apply the pedagogical principles laid down in the treatise. This can be done best in connection with the practice work that is carried on every Sunday as outlined above.

We aim to keep in mind always the aim of Sunday School work—to teach religion and morality, to make good Latter-day Saints--and we try to reach this aim by applying the best Sunday School methods, by reaching the hearts of the children, and by the spirit and example of the teachers.

Milton Bennion.



ANNUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE OF SEVIER STAKE.

The annual Sunday School conference of the Sevier stake met in the stake tabernacle, Richfield, Saturday and Sunday, July 21st and 22nd, 1900. Elders Karl G. Maeser and L. John Nuttall, of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, were present. Stake Superintendent W. A. Seegmiller presided. The singing was done by the Richfield Sunday School choir and congregation. Most of the program prescribed by the Sunday School Union Board was carried out, the exception being on the part of some classes who were prevented from appearing through the prevalence of whooping cough, and were for that reason excused by vote of the conference. Of the schools of the stake reported verbally were Sigurd, by Superintendent C. Moyer, and Redmond, by Superintendent C. Jensen, Jr. Written reports of the condition of Inverury and Koosharem schools were read.

Stake Superintendent Wm. A. Seegmiller reported on the satisfactory condition of the schools under his care.

The first intermediate department of the

Venice school gave a concert exercise from the seventh chapter of Matthew.

Sister Josephine Jones of Richfield gave an organ solo.

Superintendent I. J. Stewart of Richfield spoke on Sunday School discipline.

Remarks were made by President W. H. Seegmiller on the word of wisdom.

Counselor W. H. Clark spoke on the method of instruction in Sabbath Schools.

Counselor Joseph S. Horne spoke on the necessity of officers and teachers being exemplary in their conduct that the children may have proper examples to follow.

The usual meeting of teachers and officers was held after the Sunday morning session, at which much valuable instruction was given by Superintendent Karl G. Maeser.

At the several sessions of the conference the same brethren were indefatigable in imparting instruction and answering questions.

The minutes of the conference were promptly furnished by Stake Sunday School Secretary Willard W. Andelin.



AN EVIL—PLEASE REMEDY IT.

"The house of God is a house of order." Every effort should be made by the leading men of our wards and Sunday Schools to obtain and preserve in our schools the most perfect order and decorum. Sometimes we are pained in witnessing conduct the reverse of reverence or respect to the house, to the occasion, or the authority present. This is not always confined to the members of the school occupying the body of the house, but is an evil and error committed sometimes by the officers of the school themselves. Conversation and perusal of papers foreign to the object of the meeting; unnecessary moving about upon the stand and in the giving of directions, indicating want of proper forethought and preparation, are noticeable among those seated upon the stand, and who are thus so conspicuous to the congregation.

This conduct, in varying degrees, is most frequent during the singing, while others are speaking, and sometimes even while the sacrament is being administered. "As with the priest, so with the people," is a truth too often demonstrated in the consequences of such to be deplored examples, which well-meaning but thoughtless brethren allow themselves to set before our Sunday Schools. In this connection is the practice of some few of our Bishops in holding meetings with their counselors during the Sabbath School session, where seated upon the stand, or in some other portion of the room during the time the class exercises are in progress, papers are noisily opened and read, or animated discussion engaged in; thus actually and painfully disturbing the classes not only in their vicinity but sometimes the whole school. It thus becomes an object lesson to the impressionable mind of the youth of incongruity and want of respect most disastrous in its consequences. Brethren guilty, please refrain.



A FRIENDLY INVASION.

On Wednesday evening, August 8th, Assistant General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser was held in durance unsuspected until his home, 129 Center Street, Salt Lake City, was taken peaceful possession of by the officers and members of the Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union and their wives.

Entering the parlor and discovering there the well known, to him, friendly and smiling faces of his unexpected visitors, our venerable friend for the moment was quite overcome.

President George Q. Cannon, in his expressions of personal regard for Brother Maeser and appreciation of the untiring labors performed by him and the successful results of the same, voiced the sentiments of all present.

Apostle F. M. Lyman with deep emotion invoked the blessings of the Lord upon Brother Maeser, his wife and his house, ad-

monishing him to care and rest himself somewhat so that his life might be extended to the utmost limits.

Apostles Teasdale and Grant and Sister Lula Greene Richards spoke in a similar vein.

Brother Maeser made response, giving all the honor and glory resulting from his life's labors to his Heavenly Father, whose guidance and support he had ever sought.

Music, vocal and instrumental, was rendered by Elders George D. Pyper, H. S. Ensign, Heber J. Grant and Sister Emilia Maeser.

Refreshments, love, esteem and unity of sentiment and feeling made it a delightful occasion.

The following has been kindly prepared by Sister Lula Greene Richards:

THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION BOARD RECREATING.

Oh, do not wait till I am dead, I pray!
Give me your sympathy and love today,
Dear friends; I need them now!

Dr. Karl G. Maeser was the recipient of a pleasant surprise at his home on Center Street, on the evening of Wednesday, Aug. 8th, 1900. It was a friendly gathering of the members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, with their wives, to do honor to that great though humble man.

The meeting, though somewhat informal, because of the social «all at home» feeling which existed, was conducted by Elder George D. Pyper as master of ceremonies.

At the opening of the exercises «Beautiful Zion» was sung by the company and prayer was offered by Elder Joseph M. Tanner.

During the evening a number of beautiful selections were sung by Brothers G. D. Pyper and Horace S. Ensign; and sweet and appropriate music was rendered by Sister Emilia Maeser.

Refreshments were served.

Brother John M. Mills sang «Oh, my Father,» in the Spanish language.

Apostle Grant sang «Not half has ever been told.»

«Weary not,» «The Lord is my Light,» and «God moves in a mysterious way,» were sung by the company.

And in response to calls, addresses were made by President George Q. Cannon, Apostles Francis M. Lyman, George Teasdale, Heber J. Grant, and Sister Louisa L. Greene Richards.

The substance of the remarks made by those chosen to speak in behalf of the company, as being the sentiments of the whole, were as follows:

The feelings which had prompted the gathering of those friends at Dr. Maeser's home, were genuine love and appreciation for his fidelity to the truth, and his zealous and ceaseless labors for the welfare of the youth of Zion, in whom we are so vitally concerned. Brother Maeser would not be treated to hashed-up and warmed-over dishes, in the form of prepared speeches and set ceremonies. What he would receive from his friends in the way of kindly and sympathetic expressions would flow spontaneous from their hearts, made joyous by the privilege of showing respect, honor and love to one so worthy.

It is usual to wait till our friends are dead before coming together to speak of their goodness and worth. But it is gratifying to have an opportunity of telling Brother Maeser some of our good feelings towards him while he lives. We should like him to take good care of himself and husband his strength, so that he may yet live a long time. In his line, as an educator, he stands head and shoulders above any other man, as the one chosen of the Lord and by His servants for the position he holds as superintendent of our Church schools. President Brigham Young recognized his ability and loved him as we all do.

As a personal friend and benefactor, Brother Maeser had won the highest regard of some of the brethren and their lasting gratitude.

His life to some had been an example for

their imitation, a beacon light for them to follow, had seemed even more like a father than a friend.

For his humility, coupled with the noble dignity of his character; his forbearance, yet his firm adherence to the right under all circumstances; his great love, which had not failed to beget love in the hearts of those who were honored with the privilege of knowing him; for all this, it was ever a delight to meet with him and hear him speak. His warm, sympathetic nature called forth responses to his generous feelings; the friendship was mutual, it was «Love all around.»

Dr. Maeser in response acknowledged that the affair was a complete and very happy surprise to him. He had never expected such honor from his brethren and sisters. In the President's office the brethren had once asked him how it was that he exerted such an influence over those who attended his schools; how it was they all manifested such love for him. He had answered that he did not know how it was, but that he would rather die than lose that influence. It was not because of any superior worth in himself, he declared, but it was what God gave him as a stimulus to help him on in the work to which he had been appointed.

Blessings and heartfelt good wishes for Brother and Sister Maeser were warmly expressed, amid general handshakings, as the party dispersed, after benediction by Apostle H. J. Grant.

«They err who deem love's brightest hour,
In blooming youth is shown;
Its purest, tenderest, holiest power
In after life is known;
When passions, chastened and subdued,
To ripen years are given,
And earth and earthly things are viewed
In light that breaks from heaven.»



CHURCH HISTORY FOR CHILDREN.

An instructive little work, well adapted for use in the Sunday Schools of the Saints, en-

titled «A Young Folks' History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints» has lately been published by Cannon & Sons Co. Its author is Elder Nephi Anderson, of Brigham City, with whom most of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR are so well acquainted, through his interesting stories, published in its pages. This brief history of the Church of the latter days carries its readers through the varied scenes that have marked the annals of the restored Gospel from the birth of Joseph the Prophet to the present time, and will, without doubt, prove a pleasant help to our youthful students in Church history.



ABSENCE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS FROM STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES.

Members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board have noticed with deep regret the repeated absence of stake superintendents or their assistants from their respective annual stake Sunday School conferences. Upon closer inquiry in some cases, it has been found that some of these officers have failed to attend two, three, or more conferences. It is unnecessary to dwell here upon the importance of our stake conferences, as this fact is supposed to be understood by all our fellow-laborers in the Sunday School cause. The Sunday School Union Board is at a loss to understand the seeming indifference of such officers as above alluded to, the more so as the Sunday Schools under their charge must inevitably be the sufferers. In order to reduce this evil to a minimum, it is proposed that all superintendents should report in person to the secretary of the conference, so that due credit on the record can be given to each for his attendance.



A VETERAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SECRETARY.

The historical report of the North Farmington Sunday School shows that Elder Eli Manning has been the secretary of that school

from January 5th, 1879, to December 31st, 1899. How many Sunday School secretaries are there who can show a longer period of continuous service than Brother Manning? Speak up, brethren or sisters! Of all officers in our Sunday Schools among whom changes most frequently occur, are the secretaries. One reason for the numerous changes in this most important office is, the position is often filled, and ably filled, by our sisters, and they will get married. That's right, we have no complaint to make on that score.



THE PRESERVATION OF SUNDAY SCHOOL LEAFLETS.

One of the best tests of the presence of a good librarian in a Sunday School, is the manner in which the Deseret Sunday School Union Leaflets are kept and made available for the use of the teachers. In our visits to some schools we have experienced much pleasure and satisfaction in noting the method adopted to accomplish this. Librarians, let us hear from you upon this matter, that others may be benefited by your suggestions and experience! Speak up, Fourth ward, Ogden, Twenty-first ward, Salt Lake City, and others who might be named, and don't hide your light under a bushel!



THE LATEST ENROLLMENT OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS DESIRED.

Our secretary is sending to all the stake Sunday School superintendents the following letter:

SALT LAKE CITY, August 16, 1900.

DEAR BROTHER:

We are desirous of obtaining an absolutely correct report of the number of Sunday Schools, with their membership, in your stake. We shall soon commence to send out envelopes for «Nickel Sunday,» and that we may not miss any of the schools, we en-

Apostle Grant sang «Not half has ever been told.»

«Weary not,» «The Lord is my Light,» and «God moves in a mysterious way,» were sung by the company.

And in response to calls, addresses were made by President George Q. Cannon, Apostles Francis M. Lyman, George Teasdale, Heber J. Grant, and Sister Louisa L. Greene Richards.

The substance of the remarks made by those chosen to speak in behalf of the company, as being the sentiments of the whole, were as follows:

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CHURCH HISTORY FOR CHILDREN.

An instructive little work, well adapted for use in the Sunday Schools of the Saints, en-

titled «A Young Folks' History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints» has lately been published by Cannon & Sons Co. Its author is Elder Nephi Anderson, of Brigham City, with whom most of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR are so well acquainted, through his interesting stories, published in its pages. This brief history of the Church of the latter days carries its readers through the varied scenes that have marked the annals of the restored Gospel from the birth of Joseph the Prophet to the present time, and will, without doubt, prove a pleasant help to our youthful students in Church history.



ABSENCE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS FROM STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES.

Members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board have noticed with deep regret the repeated absence of stake superintendents or their assistants from their respective annual stake Sunday School conferences. Upon closer inquiry in some cases, it has been found that some of these officers have failed to attend two, three, or more conferences. It is unnecessary to dwell here upon the importance of our stake conferences, as this fact is supposed to be understood by all our fellow-laborers in the Sunday School cause. The Sunday School Union Board is at a loss to understand the seeming indifference of such officers as above alluded to, the more so as the Sunday Schools under their charge must inevitably be the sufferers. In order to reduce this evil to a minimum, it is proposed that all superintendents should report in person to the secretary of the conference, so that due credit on the record can be given to each for his attendance.



A VETERAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SECRETARY.

The historical report of the North Farmington Sunday School shows that Elder Eli Manning has been the secretary of that school

from January 5th, 1879, to December 31st, 1899. How many Sunday School secretaries are there who can show a longer period of continuous service than Brother Manning? Speak up, brethren or sisters! Of all officers in our Sunday Schools among whom changes most frequently occur, are the secretaries. One reason for the numerous changes in this most important office is, the position is often filled, and ably filled, by our sisters, and they will get married. That's right, we have no complaint to make on that score.



THE PRESERVATION OF SUNDAY SCHOOL LEAFLETS.

One of the best tests of the presence of a good librarian in a Sunday School, is the manner in which the Deseret Sunday School Union Leaflets are kept and made available for the use of the teachers. In our visits to some schools we have experienced much pleasure and satisfaction in noting the method adopted to accomplish this. Librarians, let us hear from you upon this matter, that others may be benefited by your suggestions and experience! Speak up, Fourth ward, Ogden, Twenty-first ward, Salt Lake City, and others who might be named, and don't hide your light under a bushel!



THE LATEST ENROLLMENT OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS DESIRED.

Our secretary is sending to all the stake Sunday School superintendents the following letter:

SALT LAKE CITY, August 16, 1900.

DEAR BROTHER:

We are desirous of obtaining an absolutely correct report of the number of Sunday Schools, with their membership, in your stake. We shall soon commence to send out envelopes for «Nickel Sunday,» and that we may not miss any of the schools, we en-

close herewith the names of Sunday Schools and their membership, as they appear on the records. If any new schools have been organized, or the enrollment enlarged in those already organized, please note such changes, and return to us as soon as possible, and greatly oblige,

Your brother,
Horace S. Ensign,
 General Secretary.

✱

CHANGES IN THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION BOARD.

By reason of his departure to fill a mission to Great Britain, Elder William B. Dougall's resignation as an aid to the Deseret Sunday School Union Board was accepted by the Board August 9th, 1900.

Elder Henry Peterson, recently of Ogden, Utah, was, at the meeting of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board held Thursday, August 9, 1900, appointed a member of that body.

✱

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS ORGANIZED.

We are advised by Stake Superintendent Nathan Barlow that they had succeeded in organizing a Sunday School at Bancroft, Idaho, Bannock stake, with a membership of fifty-four. Oscar J. Barlow is superintendent, with J. E. Eliason first assistant and Willard Call secretary and treasurer.

From a verbal statement made by Bishop Joseph R. Morgan, we learn that a Sunday School was organized about Sunday, July 29th, at Bates, west side of Teton valley, Fremont stake, Idaho. Further particulars are expected soon.

Elder William H. Gibbs, of the Malad stake presidency, reports that steps are being taken to organize a Sunday School at Arbourn, Bannock valley, Idaho, thirty-five miles from

Samaria, Malad valley; also one in Pocatello valley, fourteen miles northwest of Portage, Idaho. Success to you, brethren, and when accomplished, please send us the names of the officers selected, post office address and other particulars.

NOTELETS.

The Nephi Sunday Schools had a most successful excursion to Saltair on July 31st. Stake Superintendent Langley A. Bailey was all smiles as he viewed our visitors' rooms, and anticipated the financial benefits of the excursion to the schools named.

By request of Superintendent Thomas B. Evans, the time of holding the annual Sunday School conference of Weber stake has been changed from September 15th and 16th to September 22nd and 23rd, 1900.

Among our recent visitors are Elders Alexander Jameson, superintendent of Emery stake; James Blake, superintendent of Jordan stake; Newton E. Noyes, superintendent of Sanpete stake; John H. Bott, first assistant superintendent of Box Elder stake, and Joseph Quinney, Jr., secretary of Cache stake Sunday Schools.

✱

OUR SEAL OR STAMP.

We have adopted as our seal or stamp the design found on the badge-button first used at our initial Sunday School convention, held in Salt Lake City, November 28th and 29th, 1898.

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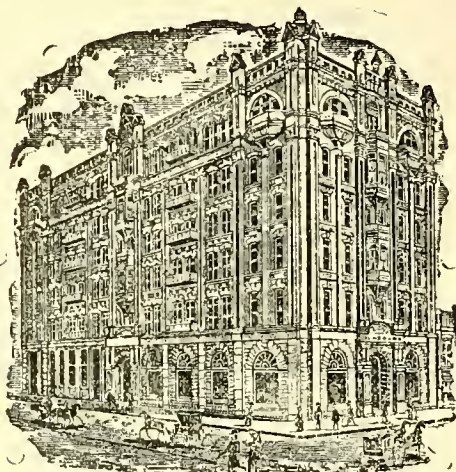
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**CURRENT
TIME
TABLE.**

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and points east	8:30 a. m.
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east	3:15 p. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	8:05 p. m.
No. 10—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Mantli, Belknap, and intermediate points	7:50 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points	6:00 p. m.
No. 8—For Ogden and the West	11:00 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	12:00 noon
No. 5—For Ogden and the West	9:45 a. m.
No. 42—For Park City	8:00 a. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 5—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	9:30 a. m.
No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	11:45 a. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	10:50 p. m.
No. 9—From Provo, Heber, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Mantli, intermediate points	5:55 p. m.
No. 6—From Ogden and the West	8:20 a. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	3:05 p. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:55 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—From Park City	6:45 p. m.

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